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February, 1923

*W. Mitchell Chapple's*  
**NATIONAL**  
*People*  
**MAGAZINE**



"Let us have  
faith that right  
makes might;  
and in that  
faith let us dare  
to do our duty  
as we under-  
stand it."



"With malice  
towards none,  
with charity  
for all, with  
firmness in the  
right, as God  
gives us to see  
the right."

**ELSIE JANIS—The Lady of a Million Laughs**  
**A CLOSE-UP OF COUÉ—Helping 'em to be Better and Better**  
**JOHN STEVEN MACGROARTY—and his "Mission Play"**  
**ADMIRAL OF UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT**  
**SENATOR DOLLIVER'S DREAM OF REFORM**  
**LUTHER BREWER'S LETTERS OF LEIGH HUNT**  
**ROBERT DOLLAR—"The Grand Old Man of the Pacific"**  
**THE FRENCH ADVANCE INTO THE RUHR**



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Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall, 107-109 E. 14th Street, New York



Vol. LI. No. 9  
New Series

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

*Mostly about People*

FEBRUARY, 1923



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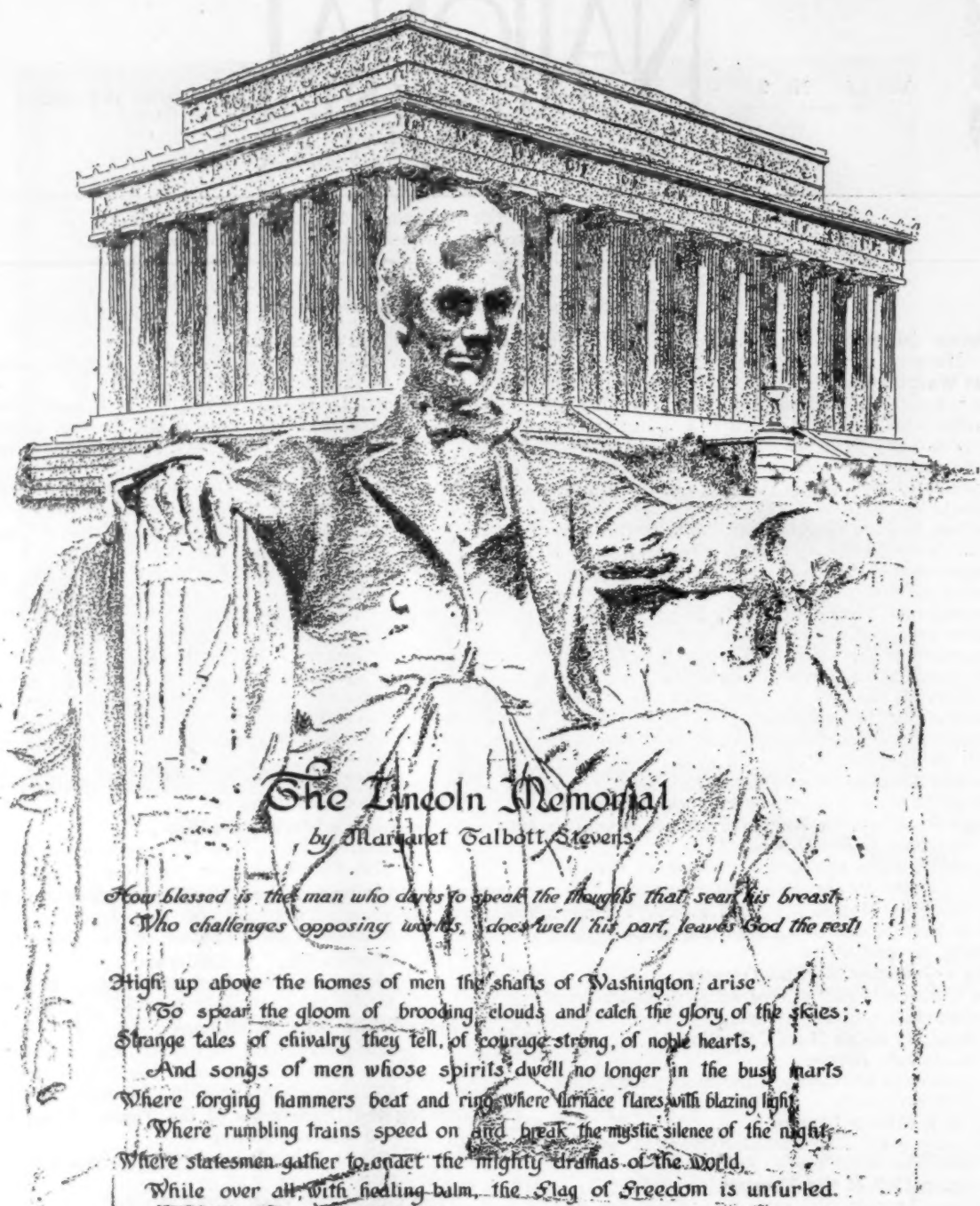
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## The Lincoln Memorial

by Margaret Talbott Stevens

*How blessed is the man who dares to speak the thoughts that sear his breast;  
Who challenges opposing worlds, does well his part, leaves God the rest!*

High up above the homes of men the shafts of Washington arise  
To spear the gloom of brooding clouds and catch the glory of the skies;  
Strange tales of chivalry they tell, of courage strong, of noble hearts,  
And songs of men whose spirits dwell no longer in the busy marts  
Where forging hammers beat and ring, where furnace flares with blazing light,  
Where rumbling trains speed on and break the mystic silence of the night,  
Where statesmen gather to enact the mighty dramas of the world,  
While over all, with healing balm, the Flag of Freedom is unfurled.

To this fair city's hallowed shrines the classic dreams of Genius gave  
Ionic column, obelisk, entablature and architrave,  
With purity of Parian grace, entempled on Potomac's shore—  
The beauty that was Athens' recreated at Columbia's door:  
From dome to dome, from shaft to shaft, the amber light of heaven leaps  
To glorify each marble shrine where Memory her mission keeps;  
Each monument its message brings, yet one stands out whose words extol  
The spirit of the man who dared to live the dictates of his soul!

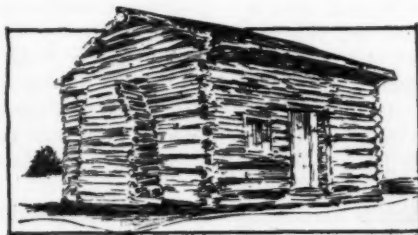


It graces well the river's bank, the fair Potomac's quiet marge -  
 A fitting place for him who held blest Freedom as his sacred charge,  
 For Liberty pervades the air and sanctifies the hallowed space,  
 While seem to sound sweet harmonies of seraph wings throughout the place.  
 And there that white heroic form, ensculptured by the hands of men,  
 Reflects the kindly soul of him whose great heart seems to beat again;  
 On that wide portico he rests with meekness written on his face,  
 And gazes out as though with deep compassion for the human race.

Think ye this backwoods boy had dreamed, as stretched before a chimney place,  
 He lived among his friendly books and ciphered on a shovel's face,  
 That youths would dream some day of him, and view his form in stately seat,  
 And measured cadence mark the steps of great men to his marble feet?  
 Though crumbling stones and ruined walls, beset by storms of land or sea,  
 Make dust of such memorials, his work will live eternally;  
 Nor fire, nor flood, nor drought, nor frost - though myriads of seasons roll -  
 Can bury in an earthly tomb the Nation's reawakened soul!

All hail, all hail to Lincoln's name! Obeisance pay, ye earthly powers!  
 Well may ye sound his praises now and strew his monument with flowers:  
 With pride extol his virtues great, ye sons and daughters of this land,  
 Acclaim the man before whose shrine world potentates in reverence stand.  
 All honor to this saintly soul who bore the burden of the State,  
 And brought the Nation from the slough of cruel war and bitter hate;  
 Let every state sweet homage bring; Potomac, sing your roundelays,  
 And hills of Washington rejoice as nations join the hymns of praise!

*How blessed is the man who dares to speak the thoughts that sear his breast -  
 Who challenges opposing worlds, does well his part, leaves God the rest!*



*Decorations by Dixie.*

By courtesy of the B. & O. Employees' Magazine



# Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



THE month of Cupid's undisputed reign finds the tides of cupidity that have been engulfing the world in these disgruntled times, slowly ebbing in the witching glow of the valentine month. This impression, at least, seems to be prevalent in the thought and discussion at the national capital. The world has begun to seriously think of going to work and paying debts.

More angles of life are discussed in Washington than in any other city in the country. All points of view, from all sorts of people on all sorts of questions, from all parts of the country and the world at large, sometime or other are touched upon in the current of conversations in Washington. This statement is boldly made despite the drone of debate or even of the furor of filibuster. At one time or another, someone is interested in about everything at the capital city of the U. S. A.



Photo by Harris & Ewing

**CONG. PHILIP P. CAMPBELL**  
*of Kansas is retiring after twenty years of service at Washington, during which time he has built a reputation for earnest, conscientious and effective effort toward constructive legislation*

There are the appointments, debt conferences, hearings, income tax complications, tariff problems, scientific research, agricultural problems, labor plans and educational ideas. Think of the wide encyclopedic sweep of human wants carried in all the talk at Washington in one month. There is the patent office and intricacies of foreign affairs, anniversaries, and the historical associations touching the lodestone of future development. Every building, from the dome of the Capitol to the portico of the White House, the templed pillars of the Treasury Department and the great monuments, is known, in some way, by every school boy and girl

in their study of history. These buildings are associated with the story of famous men.

In this seething caldron of Opinion, it is not easy to catch the drift of public sentiment in Washington. It is more like a boiler shop or a Tower of Babel and babble, with many Senators and Congressmen and public man straining, it seems at times, to come within the radius of the spotlight and do something that will lift him out of the oblivious work-a-day duties and responsibilities to the heights of leadership.

One wag has declared that President Harding has appeared on the floor of the House of Representatives to deliver his messages oftener than some members of Congress who are busy with their own business or fixing up their political fences at home, and who would scarcely recognize a roll-call, but never overlook a pay day.

\* \* \* \*

**F**EW men have spent a more eventful twenty years in Congress than Philip P. Campbell, who is retiring after a score of years of effective work for the Third District of Kansas. Ever since he first came to Washington, Phil Campbell has been one of the most popular Congressmen in Washington.

He retires as one of the most influential members of the House of Representatives. Participating in the enactment of all important legislation for twenty eventful years, he has gathered an experience that will serve him well in the practice of law, which he is to resume, with offices in his home town, Pittsburgh, Kansas, and Washington, D. C.

As Chairman of the Committee on Rules, one of the most powerful committees of the House, he has exercised an influence that parallels that of a speaker in these times. There is not a detail in the governmental procedure in Washington with which he is not familiar in all the legislative and executive departments.

There is something picturesque and delightful in the personality of Philip Pitt Campbell. He resembles Disraeli at the height of his fame; in fact, George Arliss, who plays the role, has insisted that he is a counterpart of the character he plays. Phil Campbell was born in Nova Scotia, but at the early age of four moved with his parents to Kansas, just after the grasshoppers departed. He graduated from Baker University, received an A. B. and A. M. degree, and is also the possessor of the honorary degree of LL. D. Altogether he is a popular, well-read scholar and lawyer to the utmost degree. He read law with the purpose of making that his life profession, and begun practice in 1889.

In 1903 the voters of the Third District insisted that Phil Campbell was the man for Congress, and they kept on insisting for ten successive terms. He has been in the councils of his party for many years because of his clear-headed and cool-headed judgment, and is considered one of the best parliamentarians in Congress. He has been the "right hand" of

Speakers and Presidents for twenty years, because he knows how to do things.

He will not give up his connection with the home folks out in dear old Kansas. While he has retired from political life, the Kansas spirit will not be shaken off by "Phil" Campbell. He will prove as good a citizen as he has proved a good Congressman. There was talk of his assuming leadership on the floor of the House, and the Speakership was within his grasp, but he now feels that twenty years in public service fully covers his responsibilities for the span of one lifetime.

It will not seem natural for his constituents not to find "Phil" Campbell in Washington at the Capitol as their representative in Congress, where he was always looking after their interests, but they will find him in his law office just the same energetic, lovable "Phil" Campbell, as in the days when he first responded to the roll call in the fifty-eighth Congress.

\* \* \* \*

**D**IPLOMATIC life in Washington without dinners would be like flapjacks without molasses. In diplomatic circles dinners come thick and fast in February. The social schedule is exacting. Ambassador Jusserand, as dean of the corps, keeps right on making friends for France, and has made a career at Washington unsurpassed in the annals of the French foreign service. Ever since he and Madame Jusserand arrived in Washington they have seemed right at home, while the honor and glory of France at her best is ever reflected from that embassy. The importance of his work during the war and his speeches on all occasions are a splendid record of achievement.

\* \* \* \*

**I**N the sixteenth century there was a group of famous French poets who called themselves the Pleiades. One of the brightest stars of this constellation, Joachim du Bellay, composed a poem which is even now familiar to the lips of every French schoolboy, for it sings of a virtue typically French:

"Heureux qui comme Ulysse a fait un beau voyage  
Ou comme cestui-là qui conquît la toison  
Et puis est retourné plein d'usage et raison  
Vivre entre ses parents le reste de son âge. . ."

Mr. William Graves Sharp, our war-time Ambassador to France, in the spring of 1919 laid down his arduous duties and returned to his home in Elyria, Ohio. His task faithfully and well done, the responsibilities of his office successfully shouldered in all those trying years from the latter part of 1914 to the close of the war, he sought to find in his home the quiet and rest that he had so well earned. It was there that on the 17th of November, 1922, in the sixty-third year of his age, he passed away; mourned by his family, his neighbors, and all those with whom, both abroad and at home, he had come into contact.

Mr. William Graves Sharp was one of those men on whom adversity and prosperity alike effect no change. His modesty, his simplicity, and his cordiality remained constant. The high positions that he occupied, the multitudinous obligations that they entailed, never made him turn a deaf ear to the unfortunate. His influence and wisdom were always at the service of anyone who needed them. The nobility of his character and his democratic and approachable manner were such that he made and held friends on every side. There was a humaness, a merry twinkle in his eye that won confidence. Upon his arrival in France in those dark days of September, 1914, he quickly gained the esteem of the French Government and the affection of the French people. This contributed greatly to his usefulness there as our representative.

Widely traveled and a close student of foreign affairs both in Congress and before, Mr. Sharp was well equipped to assume the duties of his Ambassadorial mission. Heavy though these had become by the outbreak of war, he proved equal to the emergency. During the years before America joined the Allies, Ambassador Sharp was a keen and wise observer of the war conditions. His reports to the Department of State on



*The late William Graves Sharp, the popular and efficient war-time American Ambassador to France*

the military, economic, social and political conditions, not alone of France, but of the rest of Europe as well, guided our government in shaping its policies. Little is generally known of the extent of his influence in that respect, for Mr. Sharp preferred not to speak of his own accomplishments. But it is not surprising that these reports were valuable, for Paris was the crossroads in those days, and most of the important men of Europe at one time or another found their way to his Embassy. They poured into his ear news of the latest developments and the fruits of their observations all over the world.

After our entrance into war, Ambassador Sharp worked wholeheartedly with General Pershing, with General Dawes, with Admiral Benson and with Admiral Sims. He had an abounding faith in the American soldier. At some of the critical stages of the war, when the hearts of the French were heavy, though their courage undiminished, Mr. Sharp brought comfort and cheer to them, his own confidence being contagious. His optimism was a tower of strength. Wherever he moved, difficulties were straightened out. It seemed as if his very presence brought a kindly benediction.

When he laid down his official duties, it was amid the regret of French and Americans alike. The French as a token of their gratitude conferred upon him the greatest honor that it was theirs to bestow—the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

By nature Mr. Sharp was a scholar, a scientist. Although in his later life he had but little leisure, all his spare moments he would give to the study of astronomy—a hobby of his from boyhood. In France, in recognition of his attainments in that science, he was made a life member of the Astronomical Society.

At the funeral services a fitting tribute was paid to his



memory. It was not his public life, or his successes as a lawyer and later as a business man that were emphasized. It was Mr. Sharp the man, the lover of nature, the fearless exponent of all good causes, the citizen with a concern for the beautifying of his home town; it was Mr. Sharp the personal friend whom all Elyria mourned. He had come, in the words of du Bellay, back from his voyages full of experience and wisdom, to live the rest of his days with his family and friends.

\* \* \*

IT'S the unexpected that happens" is one old saying; another is that "politics are all cut and dried." Obviously, both these generally accepted as axiomatic phrases cannot be right.



*Hon. Nicholas Longworth is being frequently mentioned as the probable floor leader of the Republican party in the incoming Congress*

Perhaps the only really cogent balancing of the two may best be expressed by that trite observation of Robert Burns, when he noted, "The best-laid schemes o' mice and men aft gang a-gley"—or, in the vulgate (as a Scot would say), "You never can tell." Just at present a quiet, unassuming gentleman (whose shyness is not aloofness) at Washington is attracting much more attention from the nation at large than he ever did before. He is a man of distinction, probity, very great ability,

and a sincere American whose vision of earth and its peoples is not circumscribed by any parochial limitations. He is a man whose contact with Theodore Roosevelt was one of mixed blessings; beneficial in that he became the fortunate husband of President Roosevelt's charming elder daughter, Miss Alice; of dubious aspect, politically, in that he became the son-in-law of a great figure.

Nicholas Longworth, the antithesis of Roosevelt in externals, although of distinguished ability, most naturally was in a sense eclipsed by the executive—much as in the Wilson administration, son-in-law McAdoo's largeness was obscured by the shadow of a figure equally as insistently solar as Roosevelt. Thus, nature had her way, as ever. Often in commercial life, the very great business abilities of a son are not known or appreciated until the father passes from the stage. Those who have known Nicholas Longworth and who have followed him closely for a generation have learned to realize that in him the nation has an asset of great value, in the human equation, and the present move to make him floor leader of the Republican party in the incoming Congress has brought him into the limelight. And the glow shows no faults or blemishes that would offend the most captious critic. For Mr. Longworth is able, capable, and one of those quite rare specimens of the genus *homo*, a true patriot. First, he is a wealthy man; not when measured by the standards of the semi-accidental or the exploiters, but in the sense of the fuller wealth coming from family inheritance of American culture arising from the simple tastes of breeding. His forbear was one of the founders of Cincinnati and a pioneer in developing our sovereign state of Ohio.

Although at his death he left a large fortune, had given freely to public causes, and was a liberal patron of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, this Longworth brought up his sons in the old way. They were singularly immune from the too-frequent predilections of rich men's sons, and so were their own descendants. The present Nicholas Longworth has cared properly for his inheritance, and while we feel it would be distasteful to him to specify any of his own personal deeds, we can observe here that Washington men generally approve the opinion of the voters of Mr. Longworth's congressional district. All phases of human activity are represented by his constituency—from humble toiler to folk of wealth. And the habit they have of keeping him on duty as their trusted and worthy representative, tells its own story. "Well, Nicholas Longworth is steady-headed and reliable, and I guess we'd better keep him in office," was the expression of one citizen of his district, a man who worked hard every day, had a son in the army and another in the navy, and has his home paid for, to the writer, last election.

Perhaps no better description could be given of the very substantial man, Nicholas Longworth. He often disagreed with his distinguished father-in-law, and made no secret of it. The Longworth-for-House-leader movement is gaining strength among the sober-minded, who know that now is a good time for balanced effort, constructive statesmanship, and plain common sense. All these qualities would be given by Mr. Longworth. And his own means put him above weighing personal expediency in the balance with any Congressional activity. He would make an able and admirable leader, and go far toward stabilizing Congress, lifting it from the present reproaches, and put his party in far better condition to win the battles two years hence, than many folks imagine. Years of experience, personal high honor, ability and activity, plus reliability, make Nicholas Longworth a man in every way worthy of distinguishing with House leadership.

\* \* \*

THERE is an advantage in being born in Indiana in these later days, when it comes to acquiring literary fame. Congressman Everett Sanders hails from Vigo County. He is one minister's son who sought to follow in the footsteps and emulate example of a wonderful father, Rev. James Sanders.

In early youth his dominant purpose was to have an education, and he taught school for three years to teach himself. The Indiana State Normal School at Terre Haute witnessed his first college days, and he went right on, graduating from the Indiana University with the degree of LL.B. in 1907. The same year—within twenty-four hours after he had received



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*Congressman Everett Sanders is a Simon-pure product of the Hoosier State, and a stern crusader against Radicalism*

his diploma—he was busy in a law office in the home town, with the added ambition of becoming a lawyer.

Practicing law was alluring, but he could not resist the call of politics, for politics is a part of the everyday religion of the Hoosiers. The first thing he knew he found himself nominated and elected to the sixty-fifth Congress with a handsome majority.

In his address at the Indiana Club in New York City last year he presented a panorama of early Hoosier history, one that will not be soon forgotten. It was a tabloid history of Indiana and a sketch of the first delegates of the territory and the first Congressman and Senator elected in 1816—the story of a hundred years given in the space of one hour.

Congressman Sanders knows his Indiana. His election in 1916, representing the city of Terre Haute, with its seventy-five thousand people, located on the banks of the Wabash, recalls the fact that this district was represented by the "Tall Sycamore," the Wabash Senator, Daniel W. Voorhees, who was in Congress before he entered the Senate. It had long been a Democratic stronghold, and is also the home of Eugene Debs, four times a candidate for President on the Socialist ticket.

There was a widespread national interest in Mr. Sanders' campaign. Socialist speakers from all over the country concentrated their forces and funds to make a showing of Socialistic strength in Deb's home district. It was a test vote.

Everett Sanders was the man to make the fight against radicalism. Having had some Chautauqua experience, he proved an able campaigner. During his first term in Congress he served on the Interstate and Foreign Committee of the House, and had charge of the important Railroad Bill, including the proffered "Plumb Plan Amendment," and all the radical terms for dealing with the transportation problem. When the late Glen Plumb, representing the railroad brotherhoods, and the originator of the now famous "Plumb Plan," came before the committee, Everett Sanders brought out the fact that the scheme was akin to the Soviet industrial plan of Russia. He had read that section of the Soviet constitution and remembered it. After he had glowingly expressed his plans and given his unqualified approval, the witness was surprised to find that the Soviet importation had been uncovered. Congressman Sanders' exposure had much to do with the defeat and bursting of the Plumb Plan bubble. On the Chautauqua platform his lecture on the "Perils of Radicalism" hits square at the mark. As a member of the Steering Committee of the Republican members of the House of Representatives he was often invited to the White House for advice and counsel. The two score years of life since he was born in a log cabin on a farm have been filled with busy hours.

He worked his way through school by soliciting laundry, carrying wood and coal, clerking, working in a law library, doing anything by which he could honorably earn money. When he began teaching school he first became acquainted with a regular salary. Captain of the basket ball team at the State Normal School and at the Indiana University, and president of the Senior Law Class is another chapter of busy days.

The constituents down "on the Wabash" at Terre Haute returned him for the sixty-eighth Congress with a handsome majority, recognizing in him a Congressman who retains his popularity at home without relaxing attention to his responsibilities at Washington—a combination that runs strong in a Hoosier state campaign.

\* \* \* \*

**A**MONG Representatives in Congress who have reason to be gratified by the endorsement of their constituents is Congressman Frederick N. Zihlman of Cumberland, Maryland. He is a young man in years, but old in experience, and at all times during his life has been a real worker, following effectively the creed of doing everything possible to give every American his chance.

His election was especially gratifying to his old comrades



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*Hon. Frederick N. Zihlman, the popular and energetic Congressman from the Sixth District of Maryland*

and workers still on the job. Counted as one of the leaders in the labor group, he is in no wise deemed a labor radical. He knows the needs of labor, but is persistent in championing those things that will create payrolls and business and wages. The fact that he was unopposed in the Republican primaries was a splendid tribute to his record. Throughout his term of service he has kept close in mind the interests of the people.

Mr. Zihlman was born in the year 1879 at Carnegie, Pennsylvania, his family moving to Cumberland, Maryland, three years later. At the age of eleven years he entered his father's glass factory, and later learned the craft of a glass blower.

He continued working at this ancient trade until 1912, when he entered the real estate business in Cumberland, Maryland. Experience as a party leader in the State Senate served him well for a political career. In 1914 he was the Republican candidate for Congress, but was defeated by Congressman Lewis, but on the next swing, in 1918, he was successful and received a hearty endorsement in 1920 and 1922.

With the heart and warm, strong, gripping hand of the real American worker, the home folks are always glad to greet him as he goes about his district to find out what they desire of their representative in Congress. His district includes four counties of the state that sings "My Maryland" with patriotic fervor.

\* \* \* \*

**I**N an address delivered in November, Secretary of War John W. Weeks presented the most comprehensive information concerning the War Department that has ever been issued. It was a speech that should be called to the attention of every school teacher, every boy, girl, man and woman, because it is



an astonishing revelation in response to the unspoken thought "I didn't know that!"

How little the people know of the government of the United States, and what is being done. How little they know concerning matters which they sometimes criticize rather freely. Secretary Weeks' plain, simple and lucid explanation of the



HON. JOHN WINGATE WEEKS  
*Secretary of War*

functions and activities of the War Department of the United States is an inspiration in the study of civil government.

Why couldn't the schools of the United States take up one department of the government at a time and study it with the thoroughness and humaneness with which Secretary Weeks has presented this question?

I sat at the outer door of the War Department on Saturday afternoon. Ten or twelve children, boys and girls, ranging in age from six to ten, entered with me. They were seeing the War Department. When they entered they looked about wonderingly. As the Secretary was out, I was sitting there waiting

for the appointment, and my memory harked back to the thrill experienced when I first entered the room.

They sat and looked about at the pictures of the former Secretaries of War. There was the picture of Secretary Belknap appointed in Grant's administration, who served the longest of any War Secretary in the service—from '69 to '76. And there was the picture of Robert Todd Lincoln, the son of Abraham Lincoln. I saw at once that it was the pictures that interested the girls first—and I had to explain all about them. They thought that the picture of General Gates of Revolutionary fame—over the mantelpiece—was George Washington, so I had to tell them about the first Secretary of War.

The brass fenders of the fireplace attracted a little boy, and he wanted to work right away on the model guns. A number of the children were foreign-born. Then they looked up at the flags overhead, and the attitude of the little children was reverential when they were told that one of the flags they were looking at was wrapped about the remains of Abraham Lincoln when he was taken to his tomb in the Middle West. Abraham Lincoln was the magic name all recognized. Then they looked at the statue of Secretary of State, Edwin M. Stanton.

One boy of about seven was much interested in the guns, and Mr. Stevens, a Washington newspaper man, showed the group how the models worked. The girls then looked at the pictures of the medals awarded by Congress. You can't stop girls from being interested when it comes to ornaments. I believe they were thinking what wonderful brooches the medals would make. Then they looked at the tablet, and the sword of General Kirkpatrick caught the eye of one of the lads.

Overhead was another flag—the flag that floated at Fort Sumter. When I asked the girls what interested them most, they said the pictures. The boys said the guns. Then I asked, "But what will you remember most in this room?" They responded, almost in a chorus, "The flag that was wrapped

about Lincoln." Even the tiny lad of eight, who could hardly lisp, knew and loved that name. He was of Italian parentage, and he looked up with his black eyes sparkling. "Mother told me about Lincoln," he said.

Every portico or terrace of the War Department is used for an office. The crowded conditions during the war made it necessary to utilize every inch of space. But this outer office to me is one of the most impressive entrances. It tells a story such as few others of the departments. At least, it interested those children, and I spent a happy hour with them.

Inside was the Secretary with a mass of papers before him, being dispatched with the businesslike precision that has characterized his whole life career. Then I found a copy of the address. I feel that this speech by Secretary Weeks should be read by the millions. The Secretary is meeting problems even more exacting in peace times than in war times. This speech should be read by the people, by the older boys and girls who are voting and taking a part in the government, and yet who confess, when startling facts are revealed: "I didn't know that." What crimes are committed by illiterates because of ignorance of law; they are not excused. The facts about our government should be of as much interest to the people as their own affairs—for, forsooth, is not the government of the United States our own affairs?

\* \* \* \*

THE Congressman who introduces a bill has very little opportunity to protect his offspring after it is introduced to the mercies of the committee; in fact he oftentimes does not recognize the orphan of his dreams when it passes through the committee and reaches the floor as a haven for final action.

With four hundred and thirty-five members, committee work has assumed new importance, and even James Bryce, a sympathetic critic, has admitted that the committee system responsive to its responsibilities is after all the most expeditious and safest stage in the procedure of legislation.

It has brought down the condemnation of authorities like Joseph W. Choate. In this committee is an opportunity for scrutiny of all administrative departments, checking up upon their efficiency and investigating the defects.

The committee hearings disclose the attitude of public opinion and the extent of public demand on any question; in fact they might be called truly a veritable vestibule to the open sesame of legislation and of the preservation of evidence *in extenso* that furnishes, after all, the permanent record of chronology on important legislation.

The Interstate Commerce Committee, with the railroads and waterways, telegraph, canals and railroad rates, have dealt with problems coming close to the welfare of American people.

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THE grippe sure had a grip on the capital city during this "winter of our discontent" and Shakespearean revival. No snow, but gray clouds laden with the tiny germs that Dr. Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute has captured, made "sick leave" in Washington a grim reality and a real excuse for extra vacation days. "Gone home early—not feeling well" was the automatic reply in an afternoon telephone call. Elliott Wood, superintendent of the Capitol, keeps right on chasing germs about the Capitol, passing out plenty of disinfectant to expunge some of the sensational remarks which were stricken from the records as unfit for the printed page.

\* \* \* \*

SENATORS and Representatives are back on the hill, watching close the white lines, which sound the warning: "Walk within the lines" (no reference to party roll calls), and noting the blinking "lighthouse" in the middle of the road that directs the buzzing motorists "to the right." One old veteran remarked: "Everything is going to the right—but it's a damn long time turning the corner."



Old wine in new bottles

## A Close-up of Monsieur Emile Coué

*M. Coué comes to America to explain his interpretation of a power that has been dimly recognized in every age—the power of the subconscious mind*

THE first face to face "close-up" of Coué won me. There was an "arrival" smile so full of wonderment and sincerity, with dark eyes twinkling, that I felt that he belonged to our family. After walking down the gang plank he was fairly trotted down the pier in New York, escorted by a number of New York's handsome young policemen detailed by Commissioner Enright, guarded from reporters, that he might have his "landing" in America all to himself.

Here was a little man with a derby hat, gray mustache and goatee tinted with tobacco from the cigars he loves to smoke; a long nose, rather narrow between the eyes, which sparkled with a sense of humor. He wore the old-fashioned round cuffs, and was a picture of happiness, carrying his little bag all alone without valet or a "haloed" retinue.

When addressed, he replied in English, "And I am in America."

"Better and better every day and in every way," I reverently rejoined. He appeared to understand English perfectly, and as he started to talk more freely, he was kindly nudged by a member of the committee—and silence ensued betimes. From the very first handshake it was evident that he was not going to play any part of miracle man, with an exotic halo of mystery. He was just human—his natural self. As the crowd began to realize who it was, they began to push closer as he was taken to Mr. Lyfoot's automobile, with closed curtains, with Mrs. Oakley of the Hotel Pennsylvania in charge as the directing hostess.

Curious crowds followed everywhere. Telephones fairly chimed in his suite. One or two audacious people were invited to walk out as they entered the Lyfoot's home at Montclair, where he was entertained the first night. At the hotel he gave a reception to the editors—while the reporters, who wrote all the news, waited outside.

A simple and modest introduction was made by Mr. Lyfoot, head of the "Friends of Coué Committee." He related the story of his pilgrimage to Nancy, France, describing the home and office of M. Coué, also showing stereopticon pictures of the building, exterior and interior, and the garden. Through a gate in the high wall visitors enter the chemist's house occupied by Dr. Coué, his wife and Marie—Marie is the maid and general factotum and appears in the pictures, and first meets the patients and guests—she is the Coué sentry.

Here some arrive in automobiles, others walk, but there are many callers who come ailing and go away with a smile of hope. The procedure of teaching each other to help

themselves by auto-suggestions goes on over and over again, with the drone of the oft-repeated litany of "Every day in every way, I am getting better and better," and slight variations. The system evolved is so simple that it is understood by the people. The first idea of thinking out a practical system came to Coué from an American mail order catalog, advertising books on New Thought and Auto-Suggestion.

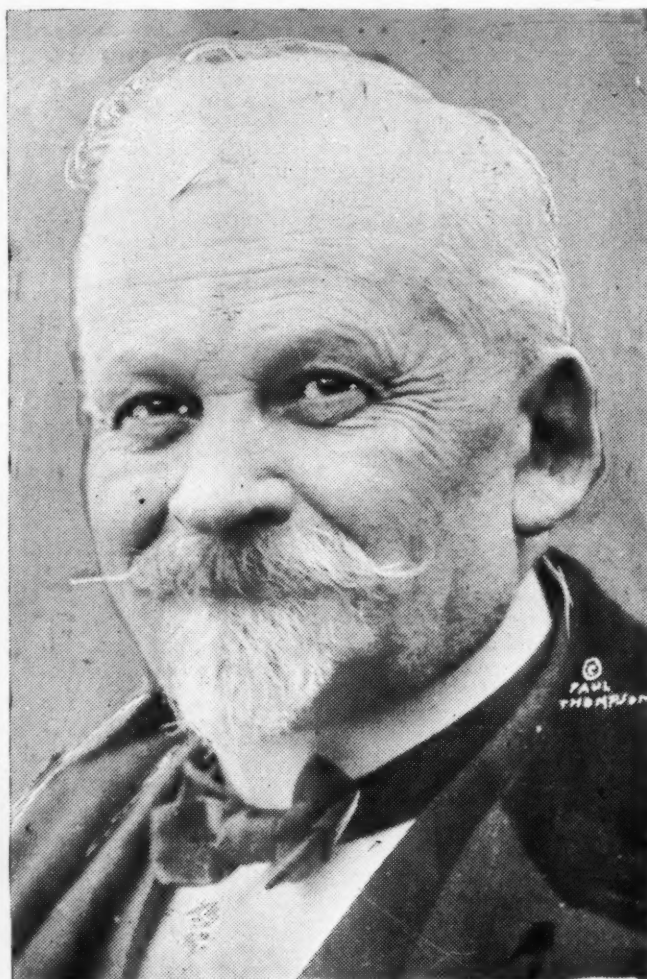
The hunger for information on these kindred subjects led to a desire to give his conclusions to others. Early in life, in his study of chemistry and medicine, he had been very much interested in the subject of hypnotism, and began quietly thinking about it over and over again. The proposition has evolved that the imagination even controls the will—that the subconscious mind has charge of all the functions of the body, of which we are unconscious. What a blessing it is for us, he declared, that "we are not conscious of all the processes of digestion and assimilation—our conscious mind would make a mess of it."

While talking he seemed to find just the right word in English, in response to questions, by closing his eyes. Coué's teachings make the mystic occult powers of the Orient obvious to others. Iteration and reiteration in some way has the effect of irresistible suggestion. One example is given in the Bible where the people cried, out: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians" over and over again—and Diana became great—but they knew not Diana.

The voodoo chants of Africa and the battle cry of the Spartan and of perhaps other heroic bands are given here merely as examples of what may cause apparent miracles through a

very practical process of putting into action reserved functions.

Very human was M. Coué over the cup. There was a social odor of coffee from the urn, and Dr. Coué ate his lunch with us—pink tea, buffet fashion—without any mystic sign, and had a good smoke afterward. When he began talking, he put his watch on the table so as to keep within the schedule, and the talk got better and better. He



EMILE COUÉ, the smiling little apothecary from Nancy, France, who came to America to bring in person his message of hope to suffering humanity. Curiously enough, for all the furore that he has aroused in both Europe and America—he is only telling the world in slightly different words a great truth that has been told to it at intervals since Mankind first learned the art of speech. There is no record of any race, however rude, that has not in some dim fashion at least glimpsed the light of that immortal spark which has been fanned into a blaze at intervals in every age and in every land by some inspired disciple of medicine or religion. It is no new thing that Coué preaches—but an old, old truth that all of us are prone to at times forget—and that is, that many of our troubles are mere figments of the imagination

made several demonstrations, so simple that they were startling. The persons who volunteered as subjects stood up and extended both hands tightly clasped. The little man stood beside them, pressing their fingers, telling them to close their eyes and concentrate: "I cannot open my hands; I cannot open my hands," in quick succession. They could not open their hands. Then the refrain was changed to "I can open my hands"—and presto—the auto-suggestion unclasped the hands.

One lady present, who had visited Nancy, had been suffering from sleeplessness for years. After several break-downs, she entered a sanitarium. She had not slept two hours any one night for twelve years, she said, and made the pilgrimage to Dr. Coué's home at Nancy in sheer desperation. After one day rehearsal with Dr. Coué she began to sleep six, eight, ten and twelve hours; and has never known sleeplessness since—and was ready for an experiment. It began to take the turn of a Christian Science experience meeting.

The case of a blind girl whose sight had been restored sounded like a miracle, but Monsieur Coué insisted it was not. The eye had been injured when she was small and kept in darkness for a long time. When the bandage was taken off her eye refused to function—it would not work—a sort of I. W. W. eye—in the physical makeup. The subconscious has the controlling power of the various organs, so the connection had been lost. Reiteration and auto-suggestion re-established the circuit. The muscles of the eye just worked again after being atrophied—now tuned in for action under radioic stimulation.

Over and over again Monsieur Coué says his system will not work the supernatural. It won't put a leg where a leg has been cut off; it simply establishes the possible radio harmony between the mind and the various functions of the body. In the case of a wound, just rub the part gently and then say: "C'est passe, c'est passe" (ca passa). He recommends using the French words because they are easier to repeat.

Closely interrogated by hard-boiled, cynical newspaper representatives, assigned to chase him and not let him get out of their sight during his stay in the United States, there were many searching questions asked on that first day. He seemed to want to talk more to people who had at least taken trouble to first know something about his work in order to eliminate unnecessary discussion and avoid repetition.

A newspaper man referred to his visit in England shortly after the war, where his ideas worked marvels, attracting the attention of Lord Curzon and other eminent Englishmen. But he insists with almost Coué rhythm: "Do not look for miracles, do not look for miracles from me. I can do nothing you can't do. The power of auto-suggestion has existed as long as the human body and mind has functioned."

One of the clergymen present whispered to me while Monsieur Coué was talking that "it is the same process of mind existing at church revival meetings"—the auto-suggestion that leads to conversion, where the

mind functions close with the emotions and the heart sees things through feelings that you cannot analyze.

Like the patriotic Frenchman that he is, M. Coué first called upon the French Consul, Mr. Loubert, then roamed about the great city of New York with the wide open eyes of a child. If you remember your first visit to New York City you can appreciate how M. Coué first felt in the whirling rush of people in the subways, streets and elevators.

During those stirring days of the war in France, when Nancy was bombarded by the Germans, the home of M. Coué remained untouched by shell, as if it were a charmed spot. Perhaps M. Coué was saying over and over again, echoing the famous war cry at Verdun, "Ne ca passe!"

Applications for tickets to the lectures surpassed the capacity. He tried the acoustics of the auditorium at the Town Hall in New York to test whether his voice would reach the uttermost part, and in this indicated the practical side of his theories. In speaking, he has the habit of putting his hand to his forehead when he wants to recall a word in English—while thinking in French. He acquired English by auto-suggestion and through personal contact with people speaking the language. While his accent and pronunciation were good, his understanding of everything said to him in English marked him as a linguist genius. One could almost think him an American as he stood there answering the volley of interrogations propounded in English.

After New York had met M. Coué, the ridiculers, jokesmiths, and jeerers are at work, but it is just the sort of ridicule that goes with the Henry Ford car, and is putting firmly in the popular mind the word "prohibition." The medical world looked askance,

but realized their mistake, as in the case of Dr. Lorenz and others, and were passive.

It is apparent to the people that much in the successful practice of medicine is based upon facts that have been so popularly revived by the little French chemist, who frankly disavowed any powers beyond that of the average human. Dr. Coué has calculated that 1923 will complete the cycle for a renewed interest in auto-suggestion that will sweep far ahead of any of the previous tides, and insists that the old theory of auto-suggestion is now a scientific fact, held by medicine men among the Indians, the witches of old, and practised unconsciously to some degree in all human activities.

May not M. Coué's words, in his unpretentious way, be the voice that heralds a golden era of peace? If all the people in the world were one grand chorus echoing over and over again, "every day in every way the world is getting better and better," from hill and valley, fields and forests, the thought repeated by the millions of people on earth might prove an auto-suggestion that would generate a power to prevent crime, wars, and bloodshed more powerful than armies or navies in establishing peace on earth.

It was like the arrival of the President in Washington, D. C., when Monsieur Coué smilingly bowed his way through the rows of fur-clad women. There were ladies with painted lips, parted with expressions of exultation. There were society leaders, actresses and wives of diplomats. All of them were looking at the little man carrying his bag. With woman-like curiosity, one fair admirer wondered "What's in that bag?"

The quick ears of the little Frenchman, growing better and better every day, heard her, and with a hearty laugh he placed his finger mysteriously to his lips.

He arrived on the day that the President was confined to his room with a cold. He had the satisfaction of knowing that his optimistic formula of health has already penetrated the precincts of the White House, for the President was hoping "day by day," he would soon be "getting better and better."

An epidemic of the "flu" was going about in Washington. Everybody was trying out the Coué idea even if they did not attend the Coué lectures.

He was greatly impressed with the Lincoln Memorial. He visited the Senate and House of Representatives and spent a long time looking at the massive dome.

Many doctors have privately insisted that there is much in the Coué idea that will help them most effectively in the practice of medicine, for Coué has ever insisted that it is no miracle, but stimulating the action of all physical powers that may be under the control of the subconscious mind—and who can fathom the possibilities of what this may be?

What may seem like miracles and what may defy physical laws, after all, are not miracles—simply the full co-operation of a conscious and subconscious mind in battling with the ills of life.

Coué has come and gone—taken some cash—met many fine people and thinks better and better of America.



**FIRMS ON THE SIERRA ANCHA**, near the Apache Trail in Arizona. Some of the most wildly beautiful scenery in America meets the gaze of the motorist on this historic highway, that marks the winding trail that once the fierce and untamed Apache held



*History repeats itself*

# The French Rush Into *the* Ruhr

*Collecting the biggest debt in history. Will Germany pay? Can she pay?—two questions that are agitating the mind of the world*

By MAITLAND LEROY  
OSBORNE

THE Ruhr District is the Pittsburgh of Germany—the economic nerve center of Europe—the most intricately organized industrial area in the world. By day its thousands of factory chimneys pollute the earth and the atmosphere with smoke and soot and cinders—by night the sky glows with the reflection of their smoldering fires. It is perhaps the least lovely spot in the whole world—and perhaps the richest in material resources—not excepting even the De Beers diamond mines in either particular. The Ruhr is located in the Province of the Rhine, and in area is about equal to the State of Rhode Island. It extends for some fifteen miles southward from Duesseldorf, on the east bank of the storied River Rhine, and for about forty miles eastward along the Ruhr river to the fringes of the Westphalian forests.

There are eight cities within the district, ranging in population from one to three hundred thousand each—or say, by way of comparison, from about one-seventh to three-sevenths of the population of the city of Boston. Of these eight cities, Duesseldorf and Essen are the two most familiar names throughout the world. Essen, which is the center of the Krupp factory system, is a monument to the constructive genius of Alfred Krupp, who founded the Krupp Munition Works in 1810. Time was when the Krupps were the financial giants of Germany—almost of the world. Now they stand in second place.

The richest man in Germany today—the richest man in the world—the real ruler of what is left of the once proudest, most arrogant empire on earth, is Hugo Stinnes. The ruler of Germany, did I say? Almost he is its owner. The once all-highest War Lord himself, at the very zenith of his power, was a rank amateur as a ruler, compared with Hugo Stinnes.

He, with his business associates and hangers-on, owns not only a very material portion of the physical body of Germany—but its soul also (if it has one); its moral conscience (or the tattered, blood-dripping rag of it that remains); and its crafty, patient and crapulous brain. He is the genii of the bottle—and the bottle is Germany.

Mulheim-on-Ruhr is the center of the web where the spider Stinnes sits silently weaving. A sallow-faced, hard-eyed, hard-lipped, black-bearded spider—slowly extending the filaments of his web to the far corners of the country—sucking Germany dry of its industrial life blood.

He is fifty-three years old—this man Stinnes. His grandfather operated the first steamship line on the Rhine. By virtue of his position as adviser to General Ludendorff, the German chief of staff in the World

War, he had advance news of Germany's certain defeat. Profiting by this knowledge, he saved his personal fortune, transferred it to the safety zone of the allied countries—and when the mark went dropping down to zero and below, bought up most of Germany at a bargain. The fall of the mark has helped Stinnes and his cohorts to absorb the essential industries of Germany—has enabled him to put its government in his pocket.

Hard, ruthless, relentless, cold—a merciless taskmaster, a wily opportunist—silent as the sphinx, ostentatiously shabby in attire—to the eyes of the world he is an uncanny, almost mythical figure lurking there in the center of the web of his own weaving; to the eyes of the French, the symbol of an unbeaten, unrepentant, defiant Germany.

So much for Hugo Stinnes and his clan.

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Coming back to the Ruhr District and a consideration of its strategical importance in the reparations controversy, we face several indisputable, undisputed facts:

Germany owes France some hundreds of millions of gold marks and millions of tons of coal and coke as punitive indemnity for wanton and premeditated destruction of French factories and French industries during the progress of the World War.

France, practically beggared by the war, has borrowed heavily abroad with the German reparations account as security, in order to raise money to reconstruct the devastated areas laid waste by the Germans and to rehabilitate her agricultural population.

Germany, like any reluctant, nearly insolvent debtor, has delayed and evaded payment until the Reparations Commission has declared her in default, and by the votes of the French, Belgian and Italian representatives has put her on record before the world as having willfully and with clear intent sought to evade her obligations.

For more than three years France has, more or less patiently, watched Germany trying to wiggle out of her promises and go



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MARSHAL FOCH—"the greatest strategist in Europe"—the man endowed with the supreme military brain of the age—who has studied and taught and lectured upon and written about the Science of Ancient and Modern Warfare for nearly half a century—who stepped out of a classroom at the Polytechnic to bear arms against the Germans in 1870—who left his classes at the War College in 1914 to lead the French at the Battle of the Marne—who leaves it again in 1923 to direct the operations of the French invasion of the Ruhr District—who, as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies, brought the World War to a conclusion with victory on the side of humanity



back on her solemn agreement to indemnify the victims of her rapacious greed.

France stands clearly on her treaty rights in proceeding to evoke the productive guaranties by the forcible seizure of Essen—and if necessity should arise, other points in the Ruhr as well—for which M. Poincaré has long been pleading.

Those are the facts—the seizure has been accomplished, and the world stands now anxiously waiting the results.

What these results may be no man living knows—but every man in the slightest degree familiar with the exceedingly ticklish European political and economic situation is allowing himself to guess.

By parallel, the French might be compared to a blind epileptic entering a powder magazine with a lighted candle in his hand. If they stumble—if they drop the candle—if it falls in the scattered grains of the powder magazine that is Europe—*Pouf!* Goodbye Europe! Goodbye, perhaps, the world—America included!

An alarmist view? Well—perhaps. But the whole social, political and economic structure of civilization is built apparently upon sand—instead of the rock we had fondly imagined as its foundation—and the sand, in places, is being rapidly washed away.

Frank A. Vanderlip, than whom, perhaps, there is no more sane and dispassionate observer of world affairs—or one more eminently fitted to speak with authority—has recently returned from Europe, considerably depressed in spirits. "Only the moral intervention of the United States can save the decadent civilization of the old countries from utter ruin," he declared in the course of a recent address at Detroit.

The key to European peace, he said, was spiritual rather than political or economic. He criticised the "inactivity of America" in the present crisis.

"My observations have given me a pessimistic view as to the future of Europe. Those troubles are a state of the mind. Political and economic factions are involved, but politicians and economists cannot cure the conditions that have developed. Only a spiritual fellowship, an application of the golden rule, can prevent the absolute breakdown threatening the civilization of Europe.

"Europe needs only a simple moral guidance for its salvation, and we, as a nation, should be giving it. The United States today is facing as momentous a decision as when we were debating our entry into the World War. But the debating now is on our part in peace, and we are lacking decision while the world waits for us. I believe we are weak morally, as a nation, and in the eyes of the world we are losing respect."

That's another point. Should we, as a nation—or should we not—lend France and Belgium our moral, if not our material support, in their perfectly justifiable effort to recover from a recalcitrant debtor the sums which are owed them?

Should we—or should we not—so soon as France, after three years of waiting, makes up her mind to prove to the Berlin government by the only means apparently that the Berlin government may be expected to take cognizance of, that she will no longer accept empty phrases and unfulfilled promises i

lieu of payments in gold and kind—put our hands in our pockets and stroll unconcerned around the corner?

So many mighty minds are arrayed upon both sides of the proposition that it appears to be at least a debatable question.

It is easy to understand the situation in Great Britain—to understand why her representative on the Reparations Commission

### HIGH LIGHTS ON THE RUHR

**G**ERMANY ceased paying reparations in July of last year. Early in this month the payment of 500,000,000 gold marks is due.

The German government is virtually bankrupt. The paper mark no longer has a value in the markets of the world. The infamous industrial triumvirate—Stinnes, Thyssen and the Krupp interests—aided and abetted by the German banker-capitalists, have absorbed the financial life-blood of Germany as a sponge absorbs water. They have been driving the vast productive capacity of the mines and mills to the utmost—paying their production costs in depreciated paper marks—selling their products abroad on a gold basis; and depositing the money in foreign banks. Estimates of the amount of wealth segregated in countries outside of Germany by the German industrialists run as high as \$5,000,000,000. On this the German government cannot place its hand.

The collection of taxes in Germany since the war has been purely nominal because such taxes as have been collected have been paid in a depreciated paper currency. Stinnes, Thyssen, Krupp, et al., who have been exploiting Germany like a western oil field for four years, have paid virtually no taxes.

Thus the government of what is potentially one of the richest countries in the world is bankrupt, while the few individuals who dominate it have amassed fabulous fortunes.

The Ruhr District is the fountain-head of the great stream of wealth that is flowing out of Germany to fill the cunningly hidden reservoirs of her industrial despoilers in other countries.

France has dammed the stream at its source. If her action forces the tax-dodging piratical crew of the Ruhr Valley to its knees—compels them to pay the country they have robbed—that country in turn can pay what she owes to France.

If this, in the final analysis, should be the result achieved—then ninety-eight per cent of the German populace should get down on their knees and ask the God of their Fatherland to bless and protect and cherish France forevermore, Amen! And then they should hang the other two percent as high as Haman!

should have been instructed to vote against the declaration that Germany was in default.

The English, before the war, sold to Germany more goods than they sold to their own empire of India. England needs markets. Many of her factories are shut down. Her laboring classes are filled with unrest. British workmen, as never before in her somewhat turbulent industrial history, are indulging in public demonstrations of their discontent. The English industrial and political leaders are looking eagerly forward to the day when the German mark will again be a unit of coinage, rather than a scrap of paper—when German manufactured goods will not undersell those of English make in Britain's own markets—when the Germans, with a rehabilitated coinage, can again buy British merchandise. As the situation shapes up to the pessimistic gaze of the English merchant, the English manufacturer, the English banker: Now that France has invaded the Ruhr, the industrial heart of a nation solely dependent upon industry for its existence, and is pinching off,

one by one, all the arteries of circulation; how can Germany conceivably ever stabilize the mark and resume her buying of British goods?

If John Bull is "very low in 'is mind'" over the present situation—can you blame him? For four years he has been begging Johnny Crapaud to "ave a 'eart—mate!" and not to rock the already nearly unmanageable boat of European finances; and now that Johnny, the innocent, the abused party, after watching Germany scrap one by one the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles, has brought Italy and Belgium over to his side, England reluctantly washes her hands of the whole matter, and steps aside to allow him full action. She will not aid France—but she will not actively interfere.

It is like a family quarrel—magnified to the nth degree. America aloof, superior—holding herself carefully free from entanglements; England casting her vote against France in the deliberations of the Commission, but allowing her a sporting show; Italy voting for France, but excitedly eager to avoid hostilities; Belgium, the bruised, the battered stop gap that just saved Humanity from subservience to the Huns, throwing her vote and her material assistance to the side of France; Germany, sullen, defiant, shifty—seeking by every artifice of delay and evasion to get her second wind to renew the conflict; France with the lessons of 1870 and 1914 writ blood-red on her consciousness, doggedly determined to secure the justice that is her due.

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For four years now the job of keeping the peace in Germany has been the thankless task of Uncle Sam. Just why he should have assumed that task, no one—apparently least of all himself—seems quite to know.

In this connection we are led to wonder by the recent developments in the European situation just how clearly the average taxpayer of the United States envisions the fact that the cost of keeping "The American Watch on the Rhine" wound up has to date amounted to more than three hundred millions of dollars—to a greater sum than Andrew Carnegie expended in all of his world-wide benefactions to humanity—and also just how clearly they understand that the United States alone, of all the countries that have maintained troops in Germany, has received no compensation, although such compensation was to be the first claim paid under the terms of the Reparations Agreement—and that England, France, and Belgium have been paid in full for their expenses in maintaining the treaty terms.

Anyone of ordinary intelligence knows now why America went into the war. But why, after the flivver of the Peace Conference, having definitely decided—rightly or wrongly as it may be—against any "entangling European alliances," she should voluntarily continue to police the Rhine, neither Mr. Borah, at one extreme of the political balance, or Mr. Hughes at the other, seem to be able to inform a curious public.

Had the existing crisis not been precipitated by France's decision to enforce her demands upon the Germans, it appears likely that the American doughboy would have become as much a fixture upon the

Rhine as the brownstone castle that one of them is reported to have acquired with the winnings of a single crap game.

Not with loud shouts of joy, however, did the soldier boys welcome the news of their recall from exile in a foreign land. Strangely enough—or perhaps not strangely after all, when we consider the attendant (and mitigating) circumstances—they were reluctant to leave the land that for them was dripping with milk and honey—not to mention wine and beer.

When, early in January—following a conference at the White House between President Harding, Secretary Hughes and Secretary Weeks—public announcement was made by the State Department that the President deemed the time expedient for the recall of the American forces at Coblenz, the inference was immediately drawn in many quarters that the withdrawal was to be interpreted as a protest to France against her avowed intention of proceeding with an invasion of the Ruhr.

By the process of left-handed reasoning, this action might be taken also to imply an expression of sympathy with Germany.

As a matter of fact, only the unexplainable (or at any rate unexplained) dilatoriness of the State Department prevented the return of Major General Allen and the remainder of his command from the occupied section months ago—as common sense and military reasons dictated.

To the man in the street it would look almost as though—failing the quality of decision—the State Department had delayed obviously desirable action until a situation arose which virtually forced the United States either to withdraw gracefully from German soil or to take sides definitely with or against her in the reparations quarrel.

Be that as it may, it is hardly to be conceived that any American will regret that the American army is at last definitely and completely out of Germany.

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Probably no river in history has been crossed so often by an invading army as has the Rhine. Since Julius Caesar established it as one of the boundaries of the Roman Empire, more than two thousand years ago, the nations on either side of it have been whanging away at intervals at each other's heads.

The last French occupation of Germany established a confederation of independent Rhine states, put an end to feudal serfdom in Prussia—and was swept back again across the Rhine by a Russian army.

The German invasion of France in 1870 was the forerunner of the founding of the Kaiser's empire.

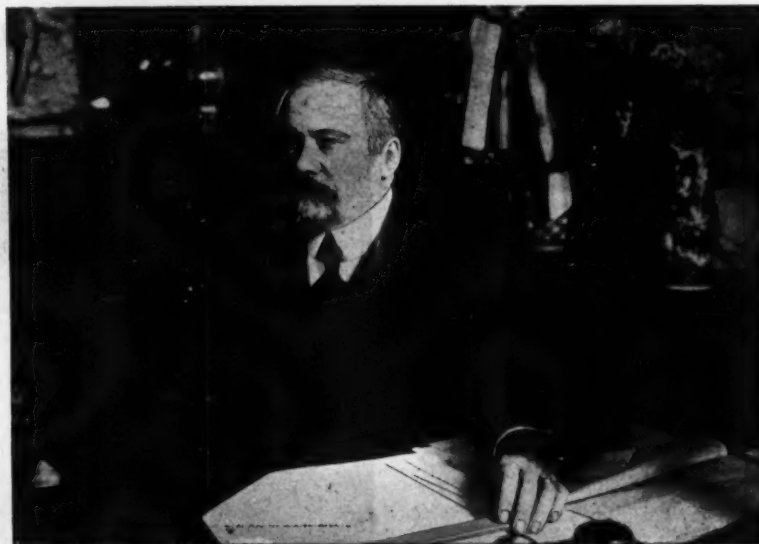
But for the unexpected obstacles thrown in its way by the little buffer state of Belgium in 1914, delaying by a few precious hours the German advance, the forces of Europe's War Lord would have goose-stepped through the gates of Paris—and no man knoweth what the end might have been.

Now, after many long years, embittered by memories of "The Terrible Year" (September, 1870–September, 1871) of French history, and the ruthless devastation wrought on French soil by the German invaders during the World War, France has

once again crossed the Rhine—this time to enforce her claims for reparation.

At two o'clock on the morning of Thursday, January 11, accoutered in all the grim panoply of war, the French troops, supported by tanks and airplanes, marched into

tamely to invasion. Probably the French themselves are the one nation least concerned about the nature, character and extent of the opposition they have encountered from the German population, the miners, the factory workers, telegraphers,



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**PREMIER POINCARE**—the astute French statesman who has become weary of fruitless bickering with the puppets at Berlin, whom Germany's industrial brigands dangle on a string for the edification of a world audience. We may be sure that the possibility of the utter collapse of the Cuno government as the first outstanding incident of the world's first purely economic war has been duly discounted in M. Poincaré's careful calculations of consequences

the Ruhr—and on the evening of the same day General Clemenceau, the French commander, read in the public square of Essen the proclamation that declared it to be in a state of siege.

The population of the city that forms the keystone of the arch of Germany's great industrial structure listened sullenly—but silently—as the French commander, surrounded by hundreds of massed poilus, read the rules and regulations of occupation.

The day had passed without serious disturbance. French soldiers with fixed bayonets, cavalrymen astride their mounts and machine-gun crews were posted in all parts of the city, ready to instantly suppress any sign of disorder. Two thousand French troops had clattered into Essen—fifty thousand had entered the occupied area.

"The Day" that France had been planning on for months—that England had feared and protested against in vain—that America had hoped might be averted—that Italy had anticipated, and Belgium had foreseen—that Germany herself must have known would inevitably come—had passed into history.

Whether it will take a place with those other famous dates in history from which we figure the rise and fall of nations remains yet to be seen.

In the days following the French tricolor's latest crossing of the Rhine, various clashes have occurred, various disturbances have transpired. Strikes, sabotage, non-co-operation, passive resistance—all forms of protest short of actual armed resistance have been encountered by the French.

All this was to be expected. No nation—not even one possessing the racial characteristics of the German—will submit

telephone operators, and from German officialdom itself.

These are details, annoying in themselves, but not especially disquieting.

What France is chiefly concerned with is not the German attitude of mind, which could with reasonable certitude be anticipated, but the attitude of mind of the other nations upon whom in the final analysis she must depend for moral (and possibly for material) support.

What that attitude of mind of the other nations would be, could not be so easily forecast. To be sure, Great Britain had protested against the action that France had contemplated, and the United States had advised against it. Italy was and is strong for mediation—though casting the deciding vote declaring Germany to be in default.

But it is one thing to warn your chum against the folly of trying to recover his stolen ball from a big bully by force, and something else again to stand idly by and watch him getting licked in the process.

And we in America have not so short a national memory as to have forgotten how a very brave and gallant young French nobleman came to our assistance when we were in great danger of getting soundly whipped ourselves.

England, it is quite true, is traditionally not overly fond of France, and she has, moreover, a money-nerve complex that just now is being baldly disregarded by the French; but England is, after all, sporting, and it is hardly conceivable that she would utterly desert France in the hour of her extremity—whatever might be the cause of her standing with her back to the wall.

It isn't being done.



*"The world do move"*

## Gilbreth Analyzes Motion

*He proves to us that Motion is an essential element—like Water, Air and Earth—and so is subject to the immutable laws of Nature*

**I**T is an axiom that all things are in motion, but it has remained for an engineer to make a scientific study of motion, as applied in the crafts and industrial pursuits. When Frank Gilbreth was born in Fairfield, Maine, in 1868, a little life was set in motion that has created much for this day and generation.

Graduating from the English High School in Boston, where he removed in early boyhood, he launched his life career as a contracting engineer in New York—but his real work began when he married Miss Lillian Evelyn Moller, B.L., M.L., graduate of the University of California. They established a home at Montclair, New Jersey, that has been a laboratory of research unparalleled in the field of industrial economics. The books of Frank Bunker Gilbreth and his wife constitute text-books on the science of motion—and the economy of motion is the basis of industrial progress.

It is the little things, the over-looked and unnecessary waste of time and energy in everyday work that they have studied and analyzed in a scientific way. They seem to have discovered what everyone knows but did not consider essential. The volume of "Applied Motion Study", published in 1917, was most timely. It came with the dawn of the realization that the world must deal with essentials. The book was applied to various fields of industry and outlined clearly the practice of motion study, which made the application of the methods possible for economical and labor-saving purposes to meet conditions with which even the rapidly and newly-invented machinery could not cope.

The revelation and proofs of what time and energy is wasted in useless motions was staggering. This was followed with suggestions of a practical remedy, a constructive process of making every motion count. The book covers a broad scope of aims and methods in scientific management, and evidences observation co-ordinated with information, which invariably nets an intelligent result.

During the war, the services of Mr. Gilbreth were much sought and of inestimable value where every motion counted. He organized the first society for the Promotion of Science Management, and was the founder of International Museums for elimination of unnecessary fatigue of workers in industries and hospitals, and planned a "speed-up" that conserved human energy.

As the inventor of the micro-motion processes for determining fundamental units and methods of industrial education and of methods for fitting crippled soldiers for industrial life, he has won distinction as an educator.



**FRANK BUNKER GILBRETH** has reduced Motion to a science, and applies the principles of motion study to the solution of intricate problems of increasing human efficiency and mechanical production. All fields of mechanics, from the simplest to the most complex, are subject to the laws of Motion as analyzed and defined in his books on Applied Motion Study

The home of Frank Gilbreth and his wife, Lillian M. Gilbreth, is an inspiring example of the theme. The number of books, addresses and pamphlets published alone represents many hours of untiring observation and study, and yet in that home ten children have been reared, and present the picture of the ideal American hearthstone.

The books of the Gilbreths have heart as well as brain in them. Mr. Gilbreth has made many trips abroad and has a fund of information on every angle of the subject of production.

Mr. Gilbreth bases his scientific manage-

ment upon measurement. There is no magic or legerdemain. It is a plain proposition of cause and effect, recognizing the universal laws and fundamentals. The observation is made that the differences between various countries are becoming less as time goes on; and that transportation and rapid communication has eliminated the national boundary lines, and Mr. Gilbreth's thorough knowledge of European industrial conditions has made his counsel and conclusions invaluable in their application to American conditions. Mr. Gilbreth insists that scientific management is not anything especially new, but the demonstration of how the enormous waste resulting from needless repetition may be avoided.

The books of the Gilbreths are supplied with diagrams and outlines of work from the phases of the individual worker up through the foremen and superintendents—dealing with units, methods, and devices.

Mr. Gilbreth has shown by the micrometer how Miss Anna Gould became the National Champion Typist by the study and application of motions in striking the keyboard. This same thing applies to the laying of bricks, and all the work of the hand.

Motion study is an open door to industrial operations. In this there is also a study of psychology, laying emphasis upon the proper selection of employees into a placement system, and his three-position plan of promotion has made efficient placement almost automatic, eliminating many of the blind alley phases of organization, such as running elevators, errand boys, etc.

The human touch, so essential in the system of promotion, he calls the "God-father movement." The most difficult thing to overcome is habit or custom, especially when associated with ignorance and the bourbon purpose not to learn anything new as long as they can get along with the old methods.

His studies have a far-reaching effect in their application to the "safety first" movements, and to those things that must come about to adapt the ratio of production to the needs of the times.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbreth have written books on the subjects of "Fatigue Study," "Field System," "Concrete System," the "Primer of Scientific Management" and the "Psychology of Management," showing how the mind must function in determining and teaching and installing methods of the least waste.

Many of the large industrial corporations of the country have found the services of Mr. Gilbreth invaluable in taking advantage of his large range of studies.

There are few more interesting talkers. His mind works like a trip hammer. Sitting

*Continued on page 415*



# Oklahoma's Governor *the* Star Greeter

*"Jack" Walton promised the electorate a barbecue if they "came across." Did he keep this promise? We'll tell the world he did!*

EVERYTHING is quiet once again in Oklahoma City—as quiet, that is, as that hectic and hustling burg ever allows itself to be. "Jack" Walton has been duly elected Governor of the State, and everybody is satisfied and happy and the biggest "blowout" in the way of an inaugural in the history of the world is now but a happy memory, instead of an exciting anticipation.

But—oh boy! what a time they had, celebrating his election.

When, away back in 1913, John Calloway Walton came to Oklahoma City to establish himself as a consulting engineer, little did he dream, probably, that one day he would be Governor. But it was just because of his business training that he started climbing the political stairway to the gubernatorial office.

Oklahoma City decided in 1917 that it was about time to construct a new water works and sewerage system. The city was under the commission form of government then—as it is now—and it was imperative to name a competent engineer as Commissioner of Public Works, since that officer would have charge of the whole water works construction. Walton was asked to run for the job and did. In 1919, when he still had two years to serve as commissioner, he was nominated and elected Mayor.

Walton's career as Mayor was a hectic one. The citizens were either 100 per cent for him or 100 per cent against him. There was no neutral ground, no moderate feeling on the matter. His followers loved him and his enemies hated him.

He appointed Carl Glitsch, a personal friend, as chief of police to clean up the town. There was a hitch in the clean-up somewhere, because things began to be running pretty wide open and offenders rarely got into the Police Courts—they obtained their discharges at the stations.

One fine day Walton picked up an evening paper and read a flaring headline on the front page:

**"GLITSCH SAYS PROHIBITION A FAILURE"**

The article that followed quoted the chief as expressing the belief that people wanted liquor, were going to have it, and there was little that could be done about it.

Walton called his chief of police on the telephone.

"Have you seen the evening paper?" he asked.

"Yes," Glitsch answered.

"Did it quote you correctly?"

"That's about what I said."

"Very well," announced Walton briefly, "I accept your resignation."

He had gotten the resignation from Glitsch when he appointed him—so that was that.



**JOHN CALLOWAY WALTON** was elected Governor of Oklahoma last fall by the largest vote ever given a candidate for that office in the state, and in fulfillment of certain pre-election promises to the populace, gave a barbecue to the citizens of the entire state on the day of his inauguration. The beauty and chivalry of the West attended en masse (about 200,000 of 'em), and a good time was had by all

Then this bull-headed young mayor with the fanciful idea of civic decency firmly fixed in his mind, formed vice squads of his own and began making raids. He took the police into every den in town, smashed bar fixtures, broke up card tables, haled the keepers into court and pushed their prosecution there. In sixty days he had closed up the town to the semblance of a model community.

Being Mayor of Oklahoma City only whetted John Calloway Walton's appetite for political honors. Like Oliver Twist, he wanted more. But you just naturally can't expect a parcel of rude, unlettered cowboys,

who wear their "chaps" with the hair outside and refer to one of their commonest dietary delights as plain "eating tobacco" to cast their votes for any party named John Calloway—regardless of what his politics might be—and there are a lot of cowmen in Oklahoma.

So Walton, when he cocked an inquiring ear toward the gubernatorial nomination, shrugged the effete prefixes to his proper name, and, reverting to the nomenclature of boyhood, allowed it to be known that "Jack" as a name suited him fine.

And as "Jack" Walton he has ridden on the crest of a wave of popular sentiment into the State House.

The story of "Jack" Walton has points of interest, but the story of the "world's fair" they gave him in Oklahoma City is a classic in political celebrations. Because they do call it a "world's fair"—you bet your life they do.

"It started out to be a barbecue," anybody you meet in Oklahoma City will tell you. "But what sort of a barbecue costs \$100,000? What sort of a barbecue brings visitors from every State in the Union? What sort of a barbecue brings demands for more than one hundred thousand reservations two weeks or a month before it's held?"

"Jack" Walton—he might as well be called "Jack," even if he is governor, because that's the only way they refer to him in Oklahoma—got the idea of "throwing a party" at his inauguration way back in May of last year, when he was engaged in a bitter fight for the Democratic nomination at the primaries.

He saw that 1922 was a "back to the soil" year, and that the "hickory-shirted" and "blue-jeaned" citizens of the state were going to decide who was who at the November elections. He found his main support was coming from the Farmer-Labor Reconstruction League, an organization that combined the farmers and the workingmen and was "agin" aristocracy in all forms, whether represented by such highbrow institutions as "biled" shirts, three-syllabled words, or the fox trot.

"If I go into office, I want you all to come to Oklahoma City the first of next year and celebrate with me," Walton told his audiences. "We'll have a regular old-time get-together affair, a barbecue feed, fiddlers' contest and square dances. Come in your overalls and your broad-brimmed Stetsons, and I'll guarantee you a good time."

The idea took—took big! While it can't be said that he got elected Governor of Oklahoma because he promised the voters some hot roast beef sandwiches and music—because that would be far from the truth—

still thoughts of the promised "shindig" didn't hurt his cause at all.

Oklahoma Januarys are usually fairly mild, and motor cars are as common there as actors are in New York. Moreover, Oklahoma City is located pretty nearly in the center of the State and is easily accessible from all four corners.

While the primary campaign progressed and Walton and his entourage continued their tour of the State by motor, talk of the barbecue increased. When they reached Cordell—"out where the West begins"—and ran into a barbecue given there for Walton and saw roast beef disappear like ice cream cones at a Sunday school picnic, and coffee flow away like lemonade before a crowd of thirsty schoolboys, they began to realize they were going to have a man's size job on their hands if they intended to feed the whole State of Oklahoma at the Oklahoma City Fair Grounds the first week in January. But they had crossed the Rubicon and burned their bridge behind them. The only way out was to go ahead.

And Walton—the man that Republican papers were accused of supporting "because he would be the easiest Democrat to beat"—sprung a surprise at the primary by capturing the nomination with as many votes as all his opponents combined.

When the Walton forces looked around for some one to put the affair across, their choice fell on Dan Lackey, who had been Mayor of Oklahoma City in 1909 and 1910. Lackey was a warm personal friend of Walton's, a man of means, and a "hail-fellow-well-met," known to all the town.

"Will you put on the show?" Lackey was asked.

"I'll try," he answered.

A call was broadcasted over the State for talent to put on entertainment for the visitors, and it was impressed on everybody's mind that no sleek, pompadoured, patent-leather-pumped jazz dancers were wanted—that the radio "S. O. S." was for white men or black who knew clog steps, who could shout "Swing your partners! Balance all!" with zest and fervor, and put the required abandon into the admonition to

Swing your Ma,  
Swing your Pa,  
Swing the girl from Arkansas—

who could play "Turkey in the Straw" and "Arkansaw Traveler" and a good old-time "Virginia Reel," likewise "Indian on a Log" and "The Buffalo Girls," and "Hell among the Yearlin's."

The answers began to come in by the dozens and hundreds, and Walton and Lackey conceived the idea of staging contests between the musicians and dancers, and awarding prizes to the persons most proficient in the old music and the old steps.

Then the Indians—the Otoes and Osages and Creeks and Kaws and Cheyennes and Comanches—expressed a desire to get into the game and show what they could do.

"We'll give you war dances and medicine dances in the costumes we used when we meant business," they offered, and the offer was snapped up in a jiffy.

The cowboys began yelling then, saying that Oklahoma was primarily a cow state and no celebration would be complete without a little roping and "bull-dogging" and a resounding "Yip-e-e-e," or two or ten.

#### HERE'S WHAT THEY CALL A LIGHT LUNCH OUT IN OKLAHOMA

When the Committee of Arrangements for Governor Walton's inaugural barbecue had finished making up their list of necessary articles to be ordered from the butcher, it looked like this:

500 beef cattle.  
200 hogs.  
10 buffaloes  
10 bears.  
10 deer.  
10 antelopes.  
5,000 chickens.  
1,000 turkeys.  
500 ducks and geese.  
200 "possums and sweet "taters" to go with them.  
1,000 rabbits.  
1,000 squirrels, groundhogs and frog legs.  
100,000 loaves of bread.  
100,000 buns.  
5 tons of coffee.  
5 tons of sugar.  
250 bushels of onions.  
5 tons of salt.  
1,000 pounds of pepper.

"Come right on in," Lackey told them. "The more the merrier."

The next thing on the program was to see how many visitors would be on hand and how they could all be housed and fed.

"We'd better prepare for from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand visitors," Lackey figured, "and since it's better to have too much on hand than too little, we'd better figure on two hundred thousand guests when we order the food and fixin's."

Whereupon the biggest marketing list on record outside of an army requisition was made up. Fine tons of salt and a half ton of pepper and two hundred and fifty bushels of onions were just for the seasoning of the Gargantuan feast.

Four trenches one thousand feet long and five feet deep were dug at the Oklahoma City Fair Grounds to barbecue the meat. Four ten thousand gallon coffee pots were erected. Five thousand helpers worked under Lackey's direction during the days of the "big feed." They included three thousand waiters, five hundred butchers, barbecuers and slicers and fifteen hundred general utility persons.

The serving of the "world's biggest meal" began after the new Governor had been publicly inaugurated at the Fair Grounds.

The last morsel of the tons of barbecued meat, the mountains of bread and the lakes of coffee, provided for the inaugural feast disappeared under the onslaught of the hungry, numbered by the tens of thousands, who had gathered at "Jack" Walton's barbecue.

While many of the thousands of visitors from all over the State started for home at the conclusion of the feast, numbers of them stayed over another day to see the inaugural celebration program through, the final event of which was the dance at the State Capitol.

Having tuned up in competition at the festivities, many of the old fiddlers of the State were ready to furnish music for the square dances at the Capitol. Hon John F. Garner, representative-elect from Johnson County, brought to the celebration his famous fiddle to be used at the dance—the instrument being a genuine Stradivarius

which was used in the orchestra which played for James K. Polk when that worthy gentleman was inaugurated Governor of Tennessee some eighty years ago.

But jazz would have its place, in fact jazz music had its part in the election of Governor Walton. At every one of the four hundred campaign meetings held by him, a jazz orchestra entertained the audience before Walton spoke.

J. D. Sanderland, a lad of sixty-eight from Leedy, Oklahoma, showed the dancers at the inaugural ball how a youth should shuffle his feet, after emerging as champion clog dancer of the barbecue.

The square dances were called by A. H. Fuller of Healdton, winner of the prize for best "caller."

And in such fashion did "Jack" Walton assume the governorship of Oklahoma amidst the greatest celebration that has ever ushered any state executive any time, any where, into office.

The barbecue was recorded by movie men, and newspaper writers from many parts of the country, even France taking an interest in the celebration. Cable dispatches were sent daily to a Paris newspaper and several provincial journals by a French correspondent.

Governor Walton belongs to the Lakeside Country Club in Oklahoma City and is a golf enthusiast of the first water. "I don't make it under 100 often, but heaven knows I try," he laughs. His favorite authors are Shakespeare and Thomas Jefferson.

Asked by an admirer if he had any ambitions politically after he gets through the governorship, he smiled one of his famous smiles.

"The governorship is a four years' job and I haven't really started yet. Let's see how it comes out, first," he said.

And that's what Oklahoma will do. "Jack" Walton's new job is starting auspiciously enough. Ten years ago an average man with an average position in Kansas City, today the recipient of a four-day, \$100,000, one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-person "world's fair" held in his honor. Going some! We'll say so!

The new Governor of Oklahoma is six feet tall, weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds, and has an athletic figure. He played right guard three years on his university football team—in the days when the rules were "three downs and five yards to go"—and linemen had to be padded like a stuffed Santa Claus and wear nose guards for extra protection.

His eyes are large and blue, his face oval, his complexion ruddy. He has an aquiline nose and a stubborn chin. He doesn't drink and he doesn't like cigars. His pet smoke is a pipe and he works this overtime.

A Shrine pin set in diamonds and a Knight Templar emblem show his membership in those orders. Sartorially he is impeccable, and is given to stand-up collars and black knit ties of conservative design.

He attends the Christian Church, and one of the innovations he established as Mayor was the marching of the Police Department, Municipal Court forces and Mayor's office forces to church with him on Sundays. They would go down the street in military order and attract quite a little attention in the going. One Sunday they would visit the

Continued on page 438



"Write me as one who loves his fellow-men." —LEIGH HUNT—"Abou Ben Adhem"

## Nuggets from my Leigh Hunt Collection

*Priceless relics of the sweetest literary friendship in all history  
—Reminders of the most glorious age of English letters*

By LUTHER A. BREWER

THE editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE has asked me to write of my collection of *Huntiana*, which, I have reason to believe, is by far the most complete of any in the possession of private collectors.

May I not make the confession that however attractive to me my assigned subject may be, a request to write of the sweetest literary friendship on record would make the greater appeal to me, for infinite and immortal was the friendship that existed between Leigh Hunt and Percy Bysshe Shelley, the centenary of whose tragic death we have but recently remembered. What student of that glorious age of English letters made distinctive by Lamb, and Shelley, and Keats, and Byron, and Dickens, and Browning—yes, even by Hunt—ever fails to recall that fateful day—July 8, 1822—when Shelley sailed out from Leghorn to meet the terrific storm that took his life and the life of his friend, Captain Williams?

I do not claim to be able to present any new facts touching the fine friendship that was formed in mutual adversity by Hunt and Shelley. The most I can hope to accomplish is to emphasize anew, from original material in my possession, some of the well-known facts that link together in loving way these men—the one passing on in his youth, the other departing at the ripe age of seventy-five. Shelley was born August

"Imagination and Fancy," 1844, speaking of Shelley, he wrote:

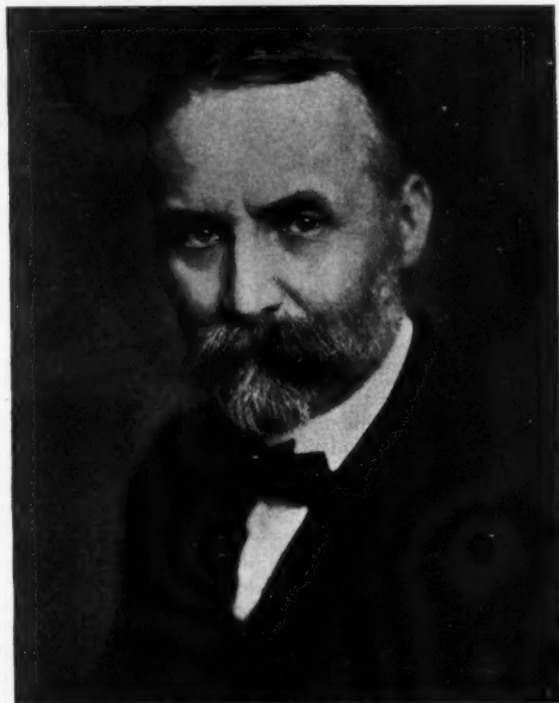
I never can mention his name without a transport of love and gratitude. I rejoice to have partaken of his cares, and to be both suffering and benefiting from him at this moment; and whenever I think of a future state, and of the great and good Spirit that must pervade it, one of the first faces I fondly hope to see there is that of the kind and impassioned man whose intercourse conferred on me the title of Friend of Shelley.

The benefit mentioned was a pension of £120 settled on Hunt by Shelley's son when he came into his patrimony.

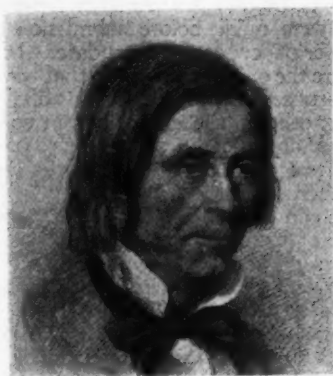
There are those who assert that Hunt's friendship for Shelley was gauged by the amount of financial assistance extended by the young and impulsive reformer. This is not a fair statement. I cannot bring myself to believe that Hunt ever was a "moocher." I have hundreds of letters written by Hunt, and possess letters to him from Mary Shelley, the poet's wife, who was so devoted to her husband's memory that she refused advantageous offers of marriage after his death, and died as Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. I possess numerous manuscripts of Hunt in which Shelley is mentioned. All indicate that their friendship was based on love and esteem, and not on things sordid. It was deep and perfect—one deserving to be ranked with the fabled ones of the past.

Hunt had a "genius for friendship." All the great literary men of his time were his friends; and many who were not great. They respected his talents and appreciated the qualities of his heart. He was comradery with them all—a sort of connecting link among the geniuses. He defended Keats against the bitter attacks of the critics, and was the first man to recognize his talents and to print a favorable notice of his work. He and Shelley viewed certain needed reforms in government through similar glasses, and their friendship began the moment Shelley wrote him from Oxford, congratulating him on his acquittal from a third libel charge. It is true that Shelley rendered Hunt financial assistance. So did many others. That was Shelley's way. It was characteristic of him. Hunt was not by any means the only one who thus was aided by the dreamer Shelley, who

seemed ever to count it a privilege to make sacrifices for others. Selfishness never appealed either to Hunt or to Shelley. Lord Byron, in a letter to Thomas Moore, dated Pisa, March 4, 1822, wrote: "As to poor Shelley, who is another bugbear to you and the world, he is, to my knowledge, the least



LUTHER A. BREWER of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, an enthusiastic collector, is the owner of the largest and most complete collection of Leigh Hunt manuscripts and memorabilia of any in the possession of a private collector



Leigh Hunt at the age of 66

4, 1792, and died July 8, 1822; Hunt was born October 19, 1784, and passed away August 23, 1859.

In time of great distress, when his friends wondered how he could bear it all, Hunt wrote: "I have known Shelley, I have known my mother." In the preface to

selfish and the mildest of men—a man who has made more sacrifices of his fortune and feelings for others than any I ever heard of." And a little later: "You were all mistaken about Shelley, who was, without exception, the best and least selfish man I ever knew."

Keats reciprocated Hunt's kindness by dedicating to him his "Poems," 1817, and Shelley in his dedication to Hunt of his "Cenci," 1819, pays him this warm tribute:

Had I known a person more highly endowed than yourself with all that it becomes a man to possess, I had solicited for this work the ornament of his name. One more gentle, honourable, innocent and brave; one of more exalted toleration for all who do and think evil, and yet himself more free from evil; one who knows better how to receive, and how to confer a benefit though he must ever confer far more than he can receive; one of simpler, and, in the highest sense of the word, of purer life and manners I never knew; and I had already been fortunate in friendships when your name was added to the list.



In that patient and irreconcilable enmity with domestic and political tyranny and imposture which the tenor of your life has illustrated, and which, had I health and talents should illustrate mine, let us, comforting each other in our task, live and die.

Let those who consider the friendship of Hunt and Shelley as a one-sided and a mercenary affair study these words for a serious and thoughtful moment. When he wrote these lines, "the master-singer of our modern poets"—as Swinburne termed Shelley—could not have viewed his affection for Hunt as based on other than high motives.



Percy Bysshe Shelley

A first edition of this book, accompanied by a letter from the author to his London publishers, the Olliers, inquiring about the manuscript, helps to lend a little distinction to my Hunt collection. Some day when that prince of rare book dealers, Walter M. Hill of Chicago, softens his heart a little so that he becomes inclined to quote a reasonable price—perhaps I should say a price I am able to pay without depriving Mrs. Brewer of a needed new gown—on a first edition of the "Poems" of Keats, with the Hunt dedication, I may further enrich my Hunt alcove. That will be a happy day for me, for then, I have reason to think, I will possess about all the Huntana obtainable—at least all one Hunt collector is entitled to possess.

"It is better to live rich than to die rich," said Samuel Johnson.

I prefer to live rich—hence the charming hobby that is mine—and the expensive hobby it proves to be at times.

As when I gave — dollars that I might possess a goodly number of the love letters of Leigh Hunt, including the letter of proposal, all bound appropriately and elegantly by those artist binders in London town, the Messrs. Sangorski & Sutcliffe.

Or a few days later when Pelion was piled on Ossa, as it were, and there was sent me "on approval" by those good fellows over in England's capital—the Maggs Brothers—several letters written to Hunt by Charles Dickens, in which the latter tried—somewhat unsuccessfully, I think—to convince Hunt that he was not caricatured in the character of Harold Skimpole in "Bleak House."

Some of my good friends cannot understand my Hunt enthusiasm. But that is

easy of solution. Hunt loved books passionately. So do I. In a letter to Mrs. Hall he makes the statement: "I am a perfect 'glutton of books,' novels included, and make nothing of washing down half a volume at breakfast." Isn't that a remark deliciously teasing to a lover of books?

He closes his delightful essay on "My Books" thus fervently:

Perhaps, if fortune turns her face once more in kindness upon me before I go, I may chance, some quiet day, to lay my overbeating temples on a book, and so have the death I most envy.

In the beginning of that essay he writes: "I . . . thought how natural it was in C[harles] L[amb] to give a kiss to an old folio, as I once saw him do to Chapman's 'Homer.'"

No true lover of books, reading these extracts, can afford to ignore an acquaintance with Leigh Hunt. And no such lover will desire to pass him by. His essays partake of much of the flavor of Lamb, another one of his friends. Lamb and Hunt exchanged visits frequently. Hunt published in the *Examiner* of August 25, 1816, a lengthy poem "To Charles Lamb," which is a sincere tribute to that fine spirit. He begins:

O thou, whom old Homer would call, were he living,  
Home-lover, thought-feeder, abundant-joke-giving;  
Whose charity springs from deep knowledge, nor  
    swerves  
Into mere self-reflection, or scornful reserves;  
In short, who were made for two centuries ago,  
When Shakespeare drew men, and to write was to  
    know.

A little further along he chided Lamb for a long absence:

But now, Charles—you never (so blissful you deem me)  
Come lounging, with twirl of umbrella to see me.  
In vain we hoped to be set at our ease  
By the rains which you know used to bring Lamb  
    and peace;  
In vain we looked out like the children in Thompson,  
And said, in our innocence, "Surely, he'll come  
    soon."

This brief letter, postmarked April 18, 1821, is quite in the manner of Lamb. His "Indifferent Wednesday" is Lamb all over.

*S. Hunt, There was a sort of  
side talk at Mr. Stoddard about our  
expending Good Friday at Hampstead,  
but my sister has got so bad a cold,  
and both want rest so much, that  
you shall excuse our putting off the  
visit some time longer. Perhaps after  
all you know nothing of it.  
Adieu me  
Yours truly  
Ch. Lamb.*

*Indifferent Wednesday*

A letter from Charles Lamb to Hunt

In sending from "Albano near Genoa, 1823, April 9," a lock of Shelley's hair to Horace Smith, then at Versailles, Hunt wrote:

I am sure you will think the maxim "Better late than never" a very good one when you see the enclosed lock of hair. You know whose it is. I cannot bear, yet, to put his name down upon paper more than I can help; and this is my best excuse for not having written sooner.

With regard to himself, who left me so far behind in this as well as in other qualities, I am confident he must have written you on the subject you spoke of. I have a strong recollection that he mentioned it to me. I know that you were one of the last persons he spoke of, and in a way full of kindness and acknowledgment.

This country has been such a melancholy one to me, since he has gone, that I have nothing pleasant to tell you of it. I only wish to God you were here to make it pleasant, and that you might see how hard I continue to work, in spite of a bruised head and heart, to make up for carelessness of old.

It is fair to presume that the matter hinted at in this letter, the original of which I have, was a loan from the good-angel Horace. After the death of Shelley and the desertion of Byron, and the failure of the *Liberal*, begun in Italy by Byron, Shelley, and Hunt, and lasting through four numbers only, Hunt was much distressed for the want of money. His wife was sick, he himself was unwell, and he had a large family of small children dependent upon him. His only source of income, outside of loans and gifts from friends, was the meagre pittance paid him for his desultory writings.

Mary Shelley edited the "Posthumous Poems" of her husband, and the same were published in 1824 in an 8vo volume of four hundred pages by J. and H. L. Hunt. Leigh Hunt a year later wrote a lengthy review, so-called, of the publication and offered it to the *Westminster Review*. It was submitted to some of the close friends of Shelley, including Mary Shelley, all of whom objected to it, claiming it contained several misstatements.

From the Forman sale at Anderson's in New York two years ago I secured for a ridiculously low sum twenty-six closely-written quarto pages of Hunt's manuscript of this article. Two or three of them are duplicates with slight variations. Some of the pages do not contain corrections or alterations, while others are so minutely changed in places as to be undecipherable. Of course it cannot be told now whether these alterations were made before submission of the manuscript or at a later date. I would venture the opinion, however, that they were made subsequently, and for this one reason among others: the alterations in some instances are merely suggestions, parts of sentences, phrases that evidently were to be elaborated later.

The contents of one-half, or perhaps two-thirds of the manuscript in my possession appears on various pages of Hunt's "Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries," and later the same matter, with slight changes, was published in his "Autobiography." Except for certain minor omissions, the changes consist of the addition here and there of an adjective or the use of a different noun.

In the same sale I secured the letter from the bookseller, R. Hunter, returning the manuscript. The two items are rather interesting, as is the fact that after so many years they are now together—collectors' luck again.

There isn't the space at my command to tell of all the Hunt manuscripts I have. I possess, for example, the complete manuscript of "The Palfrey"; of the "Book of

Beginnings" and "Letter from Italy," published in the third number of the *Liberal*; of the "Ode to the Golden Age"; twenty-three verses of "Ballads of Robin Hood"; hundreds of pages of the "Old Court Suburb," and "Religion of the Heart," "The Legend of Florence," etc.

The following, written by Shelley on a half-sheet of a long three-page letter from Mary Shelley to Mrs. Hunt, and dated Marlow, August 16, 1817, is characteristic of Shelley's bigness of heart and of his readiness to help Hunt financially:

I will write to Hunt tomorrow or the day after—meanwhile kindest remembrances to all, and thanks for your dreams in my favour. Your incantations have not been quite powerful enough to expel evil from all revolutions of time. Poor Mary's book [Frankenstein] came back with a refusal, which has put me rather in ill spirits. Does any kind friend of yours Marianne know any bookseller or has any influence with one? Any of those good-tempered Robinsons? All these things are affairs of interest and preconception.

You have seen Clarke about this loan. Well, is there any proposal anything in bodily shape? My signature makes any security in fact infallible tho not in law—even if they would not take Hunt's.—I shall have more to say on this the while.—Your faithful friend,

P. B. S.

In "Bleak House," by Dickens, Harold Skimpole is said to be a caricature of Hunt. It was at once so recognized by Hunt's friends, and by some of the friends of

pronouncement that seemed to prove the contention of the critics. The charge bothered Dickens, who at heart had a fondness for Hunt, and a high appreciation of his worth. From time to time in letters to him the author of "Bleak House" sought delicately to disavow the charge.

One of my prized treasures is a volume of autograph letters from Dickens to Hunt and his son Thornton, one of which is reproduced here, in which he apologizes in fine Italian way for the humiliation for which he may have been responsible.

After the death of Hunt, and when reviewing in *All the Year Round* the edition of Hunt's "Autobiography," edited by Thornton Hunt, Dickens thus refers to the incident:

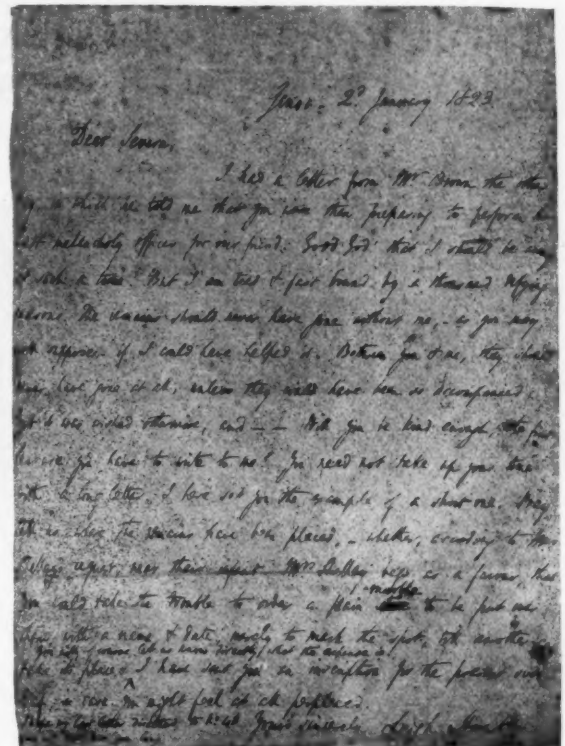
Partly (he has since often grieved to think) for the pleasure it afforded him to find that delightful manner reproducing itself under his hand, he yielded to the temptation of too often making the character speak like his old friend. He no more thought, God forgive him! that the admired original would ever be charged with the imaginary vices of the fictitious creature.

Is there a book in my Hunt collection prized above all others? Yea, verily. It is a copy of his "Wit and Humour," 1846, and bears on the title-page these friendly words in the autograph of the author: "To Mrs. Shelley (I mean 'Mary') from her affectionate friend, L. H."

Aside from the inscription, the item is a common one and can be had from any rare book dealer for two or three dollars, but the presentation makes it an almost priceless possession. I have told the story of its finding elsewhere, and it is too long a tale to be repeated here. In brief, I picked it up casually one day on a dealer's table and was on the point of putting it down, for I knew I had as clean a copy at home, when the presentation words caught my eye. Not soon will I forget the thrill that was mine. I believe it will never be repeated. The little book thus autographed tells the story of the Hunts and the Shelleys and their affectionate friendships. It happens that the dealer—and he is Walter Hill—intended the volume for his private library. But my powers of persuasion finally overcame his good intentions. True, I paid the price.

I have a prized copy of Hunt's "Hero and Leander, and Bacchus and Ariadne," 1819, a thin volume of fifty-six pages, small octavo, which bears on the half-title the inscription, "To Bessy Kent, from her affectionate friend the Author." My collection also contains a dozen lengthy letters written to her by Hunt, while he was in Italy. He always addressed her in rather fervent terms, calling her "Bebs Bebbissima," "My dearest Bessy," "Bebs mia," most frequently "Dearest Bebs." Bessie Kent was the sister of his wife, and the original object of the love which later he transferred to her more lively and younger sister, Marianne, whom he married in 1809. Bessie was his chief correspondent while he was in Italy. De-

spite some infirmities of temper possessed by Bessie, Hunt was warmly attached to her. He assures her that next to his wife and family, there is no one he loves so much. "Tenderness for you," he writes, "may just



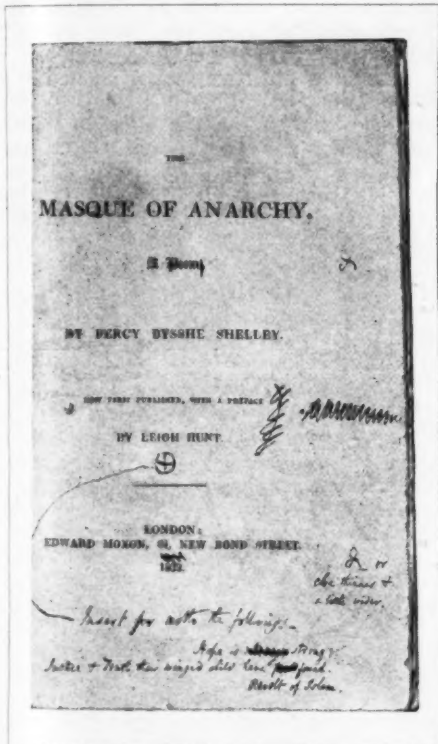
Hunt's letter to Severn

now make me a little afraid of exhibiting tenderness too much, or I could turn sentences, whenever I write, that would make your heart thrill you all over." She sent him money, but he refused to accept it from her. She sought to visit the Hunts in Italy, but Hunt managed in a nice way to prevent her from taking the journey. He gently upbraided her for her temper, and then apologized by writing, "I would rather please you than all other women put together, your sister excepted, anxious as I am to do good and give pleasure where I can."

My copy of the "Hero and Leander" came from her mother's library. It contains Mrs. Kent's plain small label. It seems to be one of the scarcest of Hunt's books. I sought long for it, and finally secured it, but at a price that staggered me when it first was quoted to me. The copy in my collection is the only one that I have seen noted in a dealer's catalogue.

In 1819 Shelley sent Hunt a poem inspired by a labor riot at Manchester, suggesting that it be inserted in the *Examiner* if he thought fit. Hunt did not consider the time ripe for an expression of Shelley's sentiments, and held the manuscript until 1832, when he published it in a small octavo volume under the title "The Masque of Anarchy." He wrote a preface to the poem which is contained on thirty pages, while the text of the poem occupies forty-seven pages.

I have page proofs of the volume with Hunt's autograph corrections. In my copy, which is bound in olive morocco, the editor's preface is contained on eight pages, and these



Proof of title page of "The Masque of Anarchy"

Dickens also. These remonstrated with the author. It is not recorded that the matter affected the easy-going Hunt. At any rate the Hunt characteristics were modified in the later parts of the publication. Dickens was impelled, so strong was the protest, to make a statement, and in this statement he claimed that the good points of Skimpole were inspired by Hunt's character, but not the disagreeable traits—a







# The Lady of a Million Laughs

*Elsie Janis—the Nightingale Overseas in the World War—still “carries on” with her gospel of good cheer to applauding multitudes in Europe and America*

IT is quite agreed among several million doughboys that Elsie Janis is an institution. With all the beauty and vivacity that charmed and inspired the lads overseas, Elsie Janis continues on her way—an institution in American life. She is more than a mere entertainer—a footlight favorite. For today in public life she is known as she has been called: “The Patron Saint of the American Legion and the boys overseas.” The months spent with the American Expeditionary Forces in France is a record unparalleled, and recalls the work of Florence Nightingale.

Elsie Janis was born in Columbus, Ohio, and is the daughter of John E. and Janis E. Bierbower. She took her mother's name when she appeared on the stage. Today and almost since her birth her one inseparable companion has been her mother. At the early age of five years she was entertaining people. She loves it! She just seems able to permeate her personality, to break it up, even to the millionth part.

So in reviewing the list of popular personalities of the stage today, Elsie Janis has indeed a front seat. For her work overseas among “The Doughboys” has made her career one surpassing the mere glamour of the footlights. She first played “Little Lord Fauntleroy” in Cincinnati. Who will ever forget the little winsome, black-eyed lassie, playing the laddie, who received the glowing tribute of President McKinley at the White House? Even in those tender years the career of Elsie was foreshadowed by kindly, sympathetic, President McKinley.

She cannot seem to remember when she has not just been entertaining. Her theatrical career shines out with the brilliancy of a star eternal. Her inimitable mimicry—even as a child she was quick to mimic those about her. She seemed to catch at an early age that something in the character and appearance which is the essence of another's personality.

Who could imagine this young lady on the stage with her hair in the most approved up-to-the-minute coiffure, taking it down, then, with a few hairpins and a few gestures—presto—she presents a range of characters from George Cohan to Leonore Ulric, Fanny Brice to John Barrymore! A question is, “What would she do if she saw the actors on the political stage?”

Her reception on the last tour of the Keith Circuit was a triumphal march, for every doughboy paid tribute to the Elsie that he knew overseas with the little blue serge dress, which was indeed her uniform. She never wore the khaki, but that little serge dress contained the thread of blue, emblematic of loyalty true.

“The Big Show,” a book written by her-



**ELSIE JANIS OF THE A. E. F.**, as she looked to two million homesick American doughboys across the sea—as she looked to thousands of boys who, as she stepped down from some impromptu stage, waved her a gay farewell and cheered till they were hoarse, and themselves, within an hour or two, were swept from the stage of Life itself. So near to the front line trenches in the danger-zone did she take her message of cheer that many a lonely, homesick country lad—longing for the touch of his mother's arms—for a sight of the gray old farmhouse in the valley—for the scent of new-mown hay drifting adown the evening breeze—went into the great Unknown with the vision of those things still shining in his eyes and a tender smile still fixed upon his lips where Elsie Janis had conjured them

self, was a “best seller” of 1920. It is an insight into the charm and personality of its author. It is a sidelight on the war that nothing else can supply. She tells her story in this little volume so modestly that it just seems as if you had a letter from Elsie herself. The one criticism that can be made is that she has been too zealous in repressing herself and what she did. It is her experiences that bring back the golden glow of remembrances. She was always ready with a response. Clearing her throat to sing, one of the soldiers shouted:

“Get a lemon, Elsie.”

“All right, come right up!” was Elsie's quick retort.

There are hundreds of the incidents recalled by the boys, that, because of her modesty she did not include in the book—more's the pity.

Elsie was never much for self-praise, but somehow the words of those soldiers, the

greetings in the faces of those soldiers overseas and since her return, with their sincerity, must mean much to her. The public may recall that when Elsie Janis was in France she was in great demand at tremendous salaries in London and Paris, but she felt that the first thing she wanted to do was to be with the boys.

When she reached the danger zone areas, she had her first argument about the motor pass. All day long, from place to place, with aircraft shooting, and during the darkest days of the war, Elsie Janis just sang herself straight to the hearts of the soldier boys. The soldier boys would come direct from her concert and write home to mother all about it. “I saw Elsie!”

Her sense of humor never left her and she always commanded the gallant courtesies of the men. She does not mention any names in the book, but alludes often to her inseparable pal, her mother, who spoke very

little French, but got along famously, when Elsie could entertain thirteen charming Frenchmen, Italians, Belgians, asking questions in their languages with the same

lents in trying to divide Elsie among all the American Divisions. For ten days she made Chaumont her headquarters, dashing all over the country in the war areas, to camps even two hundred kilometers away, where there were no accommodations for ladies.

The indispensable Elsie was given a regular staff, and day after day she sang. Everywhere she went the boys would yell: "Hello, Elsie, give us a show!" She would stop and tell stories to the boys working on the railroads, or building camps. She gave shows in wards and Y.M.C.A. huts. To begin a day at 4.30 A. M. was nothing, and to retire at 2 A. M. or so was a war experience.

What happiness there was for the boys when Elsie, aloft on a stage, probably on a gurt carriage, or what not, sang and danced with the flush of the crusader on her cheek. As she spoke to these people, they insisted that she was the American Joan of Arc. "Atta, boy!" "Oh, you Elsie!" "Let's go, Elsie!" "Three cheers for Elsie of the A. E. F.!" rang from all parts of the house.

There were two million Americans in France at the time, and the one thing that discouraged her was she would not be able to see them all. That wonderful mother was always right with her, even when the "Big Bertha" was bombing Paris. It was mother who saw that Elsie had a few hours of sleep and who took care of the little wardrobe of blue serge dresses.

Trained in the mysteries of putting on a gas mask, she reached the forbidden Luneville Sector, and began to feel like a real veteran. At a chateau in Alsace she found the boys singing the old American songs and led them in a song fest. One brilliant performance was interrupted. There was the thrilling tramp, tramp—and then in the distance, "So long, Elsie! See you again!" And then, "Three cheers for our Elsie!" She stopped—quite stunned, as she had never been interrupted like that before. An officer down in front arose and saluted, "Sorry, Miss Janis, but some of the boys have to go into the line." Elsie shouted a "good-bye" with a smile, and they went off—two battalions of them singing "When Yankee Doodle Learns to Parlez-vous Francais," the song she had just sung to them. They kept on yelling "good-bye" until they finally faded away—their cheery young voices drowned by the roar of the Boche guns they were going to face. The show was finished, but she sang

with choked-back tears. It was a "good-bye" that will never be forgotten.

The one poem that stands out in the literary work of Elsie Janis is entitled "Blind." This was written after having been "Over There," singing nearly every day for wounded in England and meeting many men blinded in the war. This will stand out as one of the poems that will endure in the literature of the war:

#### BLIND

Blind! and these poor eyes of mine  
That never missed a thing  
Have done their bit  
And never again will feel  
That sudden sting  
That comes from holding back a tear  
Or reading a bit too much.  
Well, at least they left me one thing—  
A d—n good sense of touch.

Blind! and these poor old eyes of mine  
That some folk said were blue—and others green—  
You're finished—that's the end of you,  
And never again will you declare a coat is badly cut,  
We will just be sure that it feels O K  
And keep our old mouth shut.  
Blind! well, of course, it's rotten,  
And it's going to be hard as hell  
To meet a pal  
And not be able to say he's looking well.  
But then again there is one thing—  
I shall never know the pain  
Of being embarrassed and murmuring,  
"By Jove! it looks like rain."

Blind! The man who has lost his arms  
Says, "Thank God I have my eyes!"  
But this one reaches out in the dark  
And touching her hand cries,  
"As long as those fingers cling to mine,  
As long as I feel the pain  
When they leave, and the joy when they come,  
I shall not complain."  
My love is now unending, for I shall always see  
Her face as it looked by the garden gate when she  
said good-by to me.  
I shall not know when she's fading,  
Her voice will be ever of gold,  
Her hair will be soft—like new-spun silk;  
I shall never know her old  
As long as she stands beside me  
Not weeping—laughing instead,  
As long as my lips can find her own  
Thank God, I am blind and not dead.



"GOODBYE!" said Elsie Janis just before sailing on the good ship "Adriatic" from New York on January sixth for Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monaco, Naples, Atticus, Alexandria and Haifa—returning to Monaco, where she is due to arrive on February eighth. Some itinerary—what! We hope she don't get seasick en voyage

breath. She was the only woman who fired a regular "155" gun into the Germans, and she fired it like the real soldier she was.

Traveling in a motor car labeled "Elsie Janis Division," all the divisions wanted to claim her as the "Daughter of the Regiment." How her heart was wrung in seeing those dear kids all shot up: in seeing that little lad of seventeen, who was shot through the spine and paralyzed from the hips down. She gave him the greeting of a sister and sat with him all through that long night. Somehow she could not tear herself away from the hospital in Neuilly.

As she records, she went there with the best smiles she had ever had in her life to visit the wounded in the various wards. But Elsie was more for the front lines! As she would ride along it was "Hello, Elsie!" "Hello, mother!" As she says, it seemed as if an angel prompted her when words would come to her in songs and speeches, when she never gave a thought of what she was going to say—she just said it. A good-looking boy from New Orleans, who was badly wounded, asked her if she could sing "Poor Butterfly." She had never sung the song, but she started to sing it as best she could from memory. He was very grateful and smiled. Twenty minutes later as she was leaving he had his nurse lift him up and he waved feebly, saying, "Good-bye, 'Poor Butterfly!'" A little later he "went west."

Singing in as many as fifteen wards in one day, she went home and had a good cry all to herself. It was with a heavy heart that she started back to the front, for she confesses that it was hard work to spur the boys on after she had seen the results of a battle. The villagers in France used to take off her coat buttons as souvenirs when she laid aside her coat for a meal. She grew very fond of horse meat camouflaged as steak, and lived and was billeted with the farmers as she passed along.

When she arrived at "G. H. Q.," the title given General Pershing's headquarters, she began to get in touch with the real boss, the commander himself, and the boss was re-



SEVERAL OBVIOUS THINGS occur to us to say about Elsie Janis as she appears in this picture, but we're not going to say them. We believe firmly in moderation, and circumspection, and discretion, and—er—well, you know how it is, yourself—but if we had just happened to be around when this picture was being taken, and nobody but the photographer had been looking—oh, well, what's the use?

In the theatre today you will find her with the same wide open wonderful eyes. The climax of the program is when Elsie appears and has her little visit with the folks out front.



When she arrived at her home in Tarrytown, there was the Tarrytown Fire Brigade ready to welcome her home. She loves that home retreat and the neighbors. Every tree and shrub and pond means much to her when planning a new play or act.

France during the war was nothing new to Elsie, for when she was sixteen she had been all over Europe. Her mother had taken her abroad and taken her everywhere. She would break her neck crawling out of some window to go see the sights if she was refused. Since then Elsie has been going some—all over the world—radiating smiles and happiness.

"My ideas have always been so broad that most of my friends wear shock absorbers. This time New York has not surprised, but numbed me. In Paris I've seen girls without a 'shimmy,' but I would rather see a French girl without one than see an American girl 'shaking one.' I suppose this will all blow over—not the 'shimmy,' but the craze. And I sincerely hope so, because one of the most wonderful things in the A. E. F. was the absolute and undying respect the American soldiers had for the American girl. They put them on a pedestal that grew and grew with each succeeding day the boys spent in France. The more they saw of other women, the more they boosted the girl at home, until she was almost too high to be human. Well, I want her to be human, but I won't agree that you can 'shake the shimmy' on a pedestal."

With that fluff of hair that just keeps the same fluffiness of the Lord Fauntleroy days, with the twinkling black eyes that are just as expressive as eyes can be; a mobile face, with a loving and sympathetic heart; a voice that has just a touch of huskiness from giving unstintedly of her work—well, Elsie is the inspiration of eternal youth.

Many a doughboy has stowed away that little red book called "The Big Show," which Elsie Janis has written, as one of his war treasures. If one were to choose the typical American girl of today, typical in her ideals, in her quick, alert mind, in her generous-hearted impulses, in her vivacious beauty and keen understanding of human nature, the apotheosis of the girl of his dreams, it would be Elsie Janis.

When she was at the NATIONAL MAGA-

ZINE "Attic" and sat at the "Round Table," there was a little verse written to her by one who wanted to have the privilege of meeting Elsie, but was detained because he was among the wounded in the hospital:

#### TO ELSIE JANIS

Dainty, sweet and debonair,  
Elsie, fairest of the fair;  
Ah, those eyes, those lips, those hair,  
Safety first! I'll not be there.

For I'd revel in your smile,  
And succumb to ev'ry wile  
You are destined to beguile,  
And you'd get me with your style.

Yes, 'tis better for my heart  
That tonight we're miles apart.  
If I came, I'd not depart  
'Til you'd finish what you'd start.

Then there was that little girl in the company who dedicated a few lines, thoughts of spiritual outburst of the mission of Elsie:

Elsie Janis could not stay with us long at one time. She was playing at Keith's and so had to hurry away and then back again. Every time she left there remained the spirit of her gladness, like a sunbeam trail across waters. Even a brief glimpse of Elsie Janis is an unforgettable thing. There is a long, sweet echo to the laughter she evokes, a memory in having listened to her voice and caught that shining animation of her spirit. She is not only Elsie Janis, a bright, splendid personality—but she is a force—a being of that Universal Brotherhood which we hear so much about—and which so many of us do not find time TO LIVE. But this Lady of the Million Laughs does that. She lives outside of herself, for the happiness of Humanity. She makes you feel that in the very way she lifts you beyond yourself—in that response you feel to her gaiety and that new desire she leaves with you—to go out and do something worth while—even though it be no less "than putting a smile in your show window."

While she just loves nuts, fruits, and flowers, to romp and play, Elsie has a trained mind. Even the wisecracks, the staid, pedantic Boston schoolmasters find in Elsie the thoroughly educated girl, whether she leads a show of her own or plays her little part in vaudeville. When she visits and meets friends in the audience, Elsie always remains her own self. She is at work on a new play, for she writes and creates as she plays. The simplicity of her nature, the universality of herself is reflected in her writings. Having lived in foreign lands and heard the wild outbursts of applause and



MRS. JOSEPHINE JANIS, the mother of the one and only Elsie, has always been the guide, counsellor, pal, and inseparable companion of her famous daughter. Living in the atmosphere of the stage as she has for many years—she is, nevertheless, as little like the traditional "stage mother" as can be imagined

appreciation in many foreign tongues, this typical American girl feels, after all, that she is at her best when among the home folks on the Hudson.

Looking forward to the time when Elsie Janis herself will decide not to carry along her "gang," or "a company," but just be herself with a song, story and verse, and a picture of the ideals given to the people, her friends and legion of admirers feel that an afternoon or evening's entertainment offered by her is as wholesome as can be offered. For while she was superb during those dark days, she has come out of the travail and tragedy of war—Elsie Janis—so truly exemplifying the glory of our American girlhood!

## Gilbreth Analyzes Motion

Continued from page 406

in the office of a large publishing house one day, he had the contents of the waste basket sent to a large institution for general reading, where it served a wonderful purpose, because it contained matter of new interest when placed upon the reading tables in factories.

Frank Gilbreth seems to intuitively understand the value of every minute, and reduces the movements in the handling of production. The high wages that have come, due to the war, will in a large part be maintained. This means that the gap must be overcome in increased production, and he has made co-operation a tangible proposition.

An unusual tribute has just been paid to Mr. Gilbreth by the Republic of Czechoslovakia, which through a committee com-

posed of government officials and members of the faculty of the Mazaryk Academy of Labor, has decided to adopt the methods outlined by him as the "One Best Way to do Work." The decision to adopt the Gilbreth methods of scientific management is the result of his visit to the new Czech republic last year and of the efforts of the Czechoslovak minister to the United States, Dr. B. Stepanek.

Mr. Gilbreth was received with open arms at the Mazaryk Academy of Labor, where employees, managers, engineers and mechanics assemble to discuss the problems of management and industry—and particularly the tools used in the crafts. The Czechoslovaks are eager to get the best in

tools and methods from other countries and adapt them to their own needs.

The translation of many of Mr. Gilbreth's books into the Czech language has already been completed, so that the work of instruction can proceed.

The plans of the Academy of Labor contemplate publicity for the Gilbreth methods through motion pictures, discussions at technical society meetings, in schools and before labor unions. College professors, engineers and mechanics will also come to this country to study the Gilbreth methods at first hand in order to qualify as teachers on their return to Czechoslovakia—the newest republic in the world—which gives already abundant evidence of a determination to assume an honored place in the congress of the nations.



# The "Emancipator" of the Theatre

*Abraham Lincoln Erlanger has done for the theatre what his great namesake did for the nation*

**G**REAT names, great fortunes, great reputations have been made in the theatrical business in this country in the past two score of years. There are few lines of endeavor in which the prizes are so great or in which they hang so high. The business of amusing people succeeds hugely, if it succeeds at all—and fails miserably if it fails.

What the formula for success is, in this most uncertain business, no one knows save those who have achieved success—and they, naturally, are not likely to divulge it. Largely it is a matter of personal fitness for a peculiar task—as is evidenced by the strongly developed personalities of theatrical magnates.

You can find any number of leaders in other lines of business cut to standard measurements and specifications—but never in this world will you find two great figures in the theatrical world who were cast in the same mould.

Every single one of them is strongly individualistic, and Abraham Lincoln Erlanger—"the noblest Roman of them all!"—is only like all other kings of the red plush palaces of art in being different from them all.

There was surely something prophetic about his naming—for Abraham Lincoln Erlanger has been the "emancipator" of the theatrical business—personally responsible more than any other one individual, for putting it on a stable and sound foundation.

He was born in Buffalo, New York, the son of Leopold and Regina Erlanger. During his early childhood the family settled in Cleveland, Ohio, and he received his education in the public schools of that city.

While still in knickerbockers he became opera-glass boy at the old Academy of Music, then under the direction of John Ellsler, a famous manager of his day. Ellsler failed after building the Euclid Avenue Opera House; and when the latter passed into the hands of Mark Hanna, young Erlanger was made treasurer. He became closely associated with Senator Hanna, with whom he maintained the warmest friendship until the latter's death. Mr. Erlanger's first important venture in the theatrical business as a manager was the direction of George S. Knight in "Baron Rudolph." Shortly thereafter he allied himself with Marc Klaw in the management of Effie Ellsler. This was the origin of the famous firm of Klaw & Erlanger, which later became the most important in the world of the theatre and a dominant factor on Broadway and throughout the country, maintaining that position despite powerful opposition.

Prior to the advent of Klaw & Erlanger the theatrical business of America was conducted chiefly on the Broadway curb. The



**ABRAHAM LINCOLN ERLANGER**, more than any other one man perhaps, has been responsible for lifting the theatrical business in America out of a chaos of unorganized effort onto the plane of a highly developed, efficiently directed industry. Not the business side of the amusement enterprise alone—but the actors, the rank and file of the personnel of the theatre, and, most of all perhaps, the theatre-going public itself, have been benefited tremendously by the results of his far-seeing sagacity and talent for organization and direction.

manager who had a star, a play, or an opera which he wanted to present to the public, wandered up and down the great thoroughfare in the hope of meeting the managers of out-of-town theaters, who came to the city to book dates for the following season, and who were just as eager to find the producer as he was to see them. The business was done with a note book and pencil, and with about as much dignity and system as the race-track book-maker registers a wager on a horse. It was all very speculative, with little or no system. The operation of a theater became the most precarious and hazardous of enterprises, while only the boldest dared to send out attractions.

Mr. Erlanger decided to conduct a central agency in New York. With this in view, the Taylor Theatrical Exchange in Union

Square was purchased and renamed the Klaw & Erlanger Exchange, and then was started the first organized attempt at booking. The management of Joseph Jefferson, Fanny Davenport and other important stars also was assumed by the new firm in association with Charles Jefferson, son of the comedian. The elder Jefferson's fame and Miss Davenport's popularity in "Fedora" assured success, and from the start Mr. Erlanger prospered because he brought to his business honesty and common sense.

The first production made by the new firm on its own account was "The Great Metropolis." This was followed by "The Country Circus," the first massive production ever made in this country, representing an expenditure of many thousands. In 1896 Mr. Erlanger completed plans by which certain of the largest interests in the theatrical field—Al. Hayman, Charles Frohman and Nixon and Zimmerman—became associated with the booking firm, and in that year was formed what afterward came to be known as "The Theatrical Syndicate." Of this great institution, which controls the principal theatres and theatrical companies in the United States, Mr. Erlanger became the chief executive and remains its guiding genius.

The new organization rendered a great service to its clients, the theaters—and thus, indirectly, to the public, and within a year a complete revolution had been accomplished in the methods of transacting theatrical business. Management became a dignified calling and, by the fulfillment of all contracts being insisted upon, actors, authors, and mechanics of all kinds connected with the theatre were secured steady employment and honest returns. The effectiveness of this combination of business interests was acknowledged on all sides, yet Mr. Erlanger was spoken of by the uninitiated and the disgruntled as the czar of the theatre and otherwise maligned for having brought about this much-to-be-desired reform.

In 1898, Klaw & Erlanger associated themselves with the stage presentation of Hall Caine's "The Christian," and in 1899 they made their notable production of "Ben Hur." To enumerate the business doings of Mr. Erlanger since the beginning of the twentieth century would be to review the really great events that have taken place in the American theatrical world in that line. At present Mr. Erlanger is interested in many enterprises alone. In many others he has Charles B. Dillingham and Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., associated with him. One of the achievements of which he is proudest is the building of the two-million-dollar New Amsterdam Theatre in New York City, accounted the finest theatre structure in

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*A few pages of gossip about*

## Affairs and Folks

*Brief comment on current happenings, and news notes about some people who are doing worth-while things*

IT remained for Tom Moore of Washington to achieve the great success of his life in the city of his birth. Whenever you think of motion pictures in Washington, you think of Tom Moore. He has the name, and comes from the family of the Irish poet.

His parents were born in Washington, and the one life passion of Tom Moore has been his home folks. At the age of eleven he quit school to go to work, and was swinging a hammer and blowing the bellows as an apprentice in a blacksmith shop at the age of fourteen. He early learned the great lesson of what hard work means.

Even at the forge he achieved distinction as a singer—he was happy amid the music of the anvil. Blessed with a rich baritone voice, he began a successful stage career, and enjoyed his greatest success singing songs illustrated with stereopticon views. In his tour up and down the Shenandoah Valley, nearly everyone turned out to hear Tom Moore sing the songs, old and new, pictured on the screen.

The tour brought returns, and when he became acquainted with Mr. Thomas Armat who had bought the first patents on an intermittent motion picture from Mr. Francis Jenkins, he little dreamed he was entering into an industry that has reached the mammoth proportions represented by motion pictures.

Mr. Armat had a little theatre in Washington with eighty seats. Motion picture theaters were then in the experimental stage. Tom Moore had greater confidence, and built a theatre of three hundred seats. From this modest beginning he soon achieved distinction in the motion picture industry, having in all twenty-one theatres and a film exchange.

Later on, he built the "Rialto" Theatre in Washington. Disposing of the old types, he plans building other theaters on the "Rialto" model, and insists that the old days of the "store theatre" have long since passed and that the motion picture is now a permanent phase of amusement calling for the best in theatre construction.

It was a great moment for Tom Moore when he first presented "The Battle Cry of Peace" in Washington in 1915. On this occasion, Mrs. Gen. John A. Logan, wife of the Civil War veteran, and many others of national prominence, spoke from his stage, commending the work which foreshadowed the events which followed. It recalled the days when Tom Moore was known as the favorite Southern baritone on the Proctor and other vaudeville circuits in 1904, and when he opened up the Southwest with the first vaudeville troupe that ever headed for that part of the country.

It was at Sikeston, Missouri, that the venture ran on the shoals, but he found a way out of the difficulties through publication and sale of his own songs. He managed forenoon parades in each of the cities, for when the troupe arrived in town the problem before them was how to get enough money to pay the current board bill, and get out of town.

The "Rialto" Theatre is the only motion picture theatre that is now used every Sunday for Sunday school services in Washington. It has always been Tom Moore's policy to bring to the theatre the wholesome atmosphere of the home circle. He has been permanently identified with all phases of the motion-picture business from production to distribution. He was associated in the building of the First National Circuit, but later sold out, preferring open market product, preferring to select pictures at will for his patrons.

An annual event in Washington is Tom Moore's and his gracious wife's Christmas with the kiddies. They provide an electric display and toy trains, and other amusements in the lobby of the theatre. Best of all, the poor folks of Washington always know that there is a basket coming from the generous hands of Tom Moore and his wife. His greatest happiness is when he can look on in the lobby and see the little ones enjoying Santa's reign. The theatre, filled with the ringing echoes of children's laughter, is the delight of big-hearted Tom Moore, while his good wife personally looks after distribution of food, clothing, and toys to destitute families at Christmas time.

Long before there was any talk of censorship, Tom submitted his films to the Police Bureau, and never, under any circumstances, took a chance of having anything in his theatre on which there rested the least cloud of doubt.

In the prime of life, Tom Moore has great plans ahead. His experience has enabled him to create a real philosophy in motion picture work. He it was who furnished the machine and picture plays for the White House where President Wilson, especially

in his long days of illness, was able to see the latest creations of the screen. This machine stands in Tom's office today, a presentation from Woodrow Wilson. Meanwhile President and Mrs. Harding have enjoyed motion pictures given by Tom Moore at the White House.

If the motion pictures do not bring cheer, comfort, and happiness, they fail, says Tom Moore. To merely entertain and excite and appeal to the passions, in his judgment, is far from fulfilling the complete mission of the motion picture. Tom Moore predicts that the world will soon pass on and leave the fellows who have a "dollar in their heads" where their "conscience ought to be," and that the not distant future will develop new ideas guarded by and controlled under new plans that may protect



**ROSA PONSELLE**, the leading dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, is the American-born daughter of Italian parents. She has a most magnetic stage presence and is the possessor of a gloriously golden voice of wide range and great volume—the "voice of voices" it has been called by musical critics. The great Caruso early recognized Miss Ponselle's wonderful gift, and her first appearance with him as Leonora in "La Forza del Destino" swept musical New York off its feet and made one of the greatest sensations ever recorded on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House.



**TOM MOORE**, motion picture exhibitor of Washington, D. C., whose first little theatre has grown into a chain of twenty-one moving picture houses and a film exchange, is one of the real old-timers in the cinema game. He believes in making the motion picture a force for the elevation of the community. An annual event in Washington is his Christmas treat to the "kiddies," when Tom and his gracious wife fill the "Rialto" Theatre with hundreds of vociferously happy children to witness a special performance for their benefit

the present "half-strangled" Goose of the Industry to lay golden eggs of a more transparent specimen, such as can resist a strong spotlight when thrown upon them. At such a time the motion picture will embark upon a career that all interested may hail with delight. In the meanwhile the picture business has been very kind to Tom Moore, which he feels constitutes a life-long debt on his part to be constructive in his efforts to preserve and add to its great possibilities in every direction.

#### **This Publicist Recognizes the True Relation of Capital to Labor**

**ONE** man who has seemed to understand the complexities and the philosophy of relations between capital and labor, and one who has written much and thought much along this line, is Ivy Lee, who has earned the distinction of a publicist in the broadest sense of the word.

Ivy Ledbetter Lee was born in Cedartown, Georgia, in 1877, and was educated at Emory College, Oxford, Georgia. Later he graduated from Princeton University, taking post-graduate work at Harvard College and Columbia University. Early in life his one great and only desire was to have a thoroughly-grounded education, and preparation for a study of man-mind movement.

With the true spirit of a crusader he began

with editorial work on the New York newspapers. He was later chosen press representative of the anthracite coal operators, the Pennsylvania Railroad and other large corporations, and was a member of the personal advisory staff of John D. Rockefeller.

During the world war, in 1917, he was advisor to the chairman of the Red Cross Council, the late Henry P. Davison, and made such a splendid record that it won for him the hearty appreciation not only of his chief, but of the people as well.

He was lecturer at the London School of Economics in 1912, and has written several notable books on economic and business subjects. His public addresses and articles have reflected the thoughtful and well-balanced poise of the philosopher and scholar. His "Memories of Uncle Remus" indicates a literary bent.

Membership in the American Economic Association, the New York Chamber of Commerce, fellowship in the Royal Economic Society, Royal Geological Society, and numerous prominent organizations, indicate the range of activities incorporated in a busy life.

His work has extended beyond the boundaries of the United States, for he has always kept in close touch with international affairs. Mr. Lee's close connection with large corporations has in no way effected the broad and warm sympathies of his heart toward the people who labor. His address on "The Vacant Chair" at the "Council Table of the World" was dramatically presented.

He has a way of expressing himself in lucid and clear diction. He was an early advocate of doing thorough research work and making a survey of industrial conditions and relations before conclusions were made. He has always considered the greatest thing in life the human equation—an equation that has never yet been solved or entirely understood. It is the faith and work of such men as Ivy Lee that is bringing the world closer to the understanding of that all-important equation.

In a little publication issued frequently by Ivy L. Lee, entitled "Public Relations," the reader gets a glimpse of the all-important subject of the relations of labor and capital.

In the issue of December 1st, 1922, Sir Lynden Macassey, a noted English observer of labor problems, is quoted:

"The difficulty first, last, and all the time, is the enslavement of the mind of the worker by economic fallacy, and this must be attacked and vanquished before any real progress can be made. The remedy is education."

The general ignorance in reference to economic matters among British workmen he finds is appalling. The worker, he maintains, must get a new conception of work—he must not regard it as a species of thralldom, nor exclusively for his own profit or improvement. Something in the nature of a bond of trust between capital and labor is essential.

Education eliminates suspicion and the thirst for profit, as related in the endorsement of a campaign of education in America in which the Federation of Labor is co-operating.

The young worker of today, it is stated, has more of a thirst for knowledge and a pathetic hunger for truth, but education

must be made more practical and alluring than the other distractions of the times.

It is an encouraging sign of an approaching better industrial era when men like Ivy L. Lee are devoting their time and energies toward the philosophy of "Public Relations," which has become a subject to conjure with in business, finance, and industry. It is receiving thorough and urgent attention every day from the captains of industry who find that profits and prestige both depend largely upon the viewpoint of the man in the street. The retention of



**IVY LEDBETTER LEE**, author, lecturer and publicist, has always considered that the greatest study in life is the human equation. He has written several important books on economics and business subjects and his public addresses reflect the well-balanced poise of the philosopher

experts to analyze and influence this viewpoint has now gone so far that it may be regarded as a definite movement.

But like any other movement for the betterment of mankind in mass it is in grave danger of going astray. Theories are very fine things in the classroom—but in the workroom they are something else again. And the academic mind very, very seldom goes along with the mind of the worker.

#### **There's Some Difference between "Parlor Sovietism" and the Real Thing**

**FORTUNATE** indeed are those who have heard the story of Boris L. Brasol, on the situation in Russia, at first hand. Those who may not hear his talk will find in his book, "The Balance Sheet of Sovietism," a startling revelation concerning the failures and achievements of the Soviet Government in Russia. First of all, Boris Brasol knows his subject. More than all that, his heart, soul and spirit is pleading for his beloved Russia—the Russia of civilization.



Born in Poltava, South Russia, he graduated from the Imperial Law School in Petrograd and the Imperial University of Petrograd. Later he attended courses on political science at the Sorbonne and received a degree from the Lausanne College of Chemistry (section of Scientific Criminology).

With this thorough foundation in law, he became Assistant District Attorney in various parts of Russia, including Petrograd. As Second Lieutenant he joined the First Infantry Regiment of the Imperial Guard at the outbreak of the European War. Receiving several decorations for bravery, having been wounded in the war, Boris Brasol was sent in 1916 by the Russian Imperial Government to Great Britain on a diplomatic mission. Appointed representative of Russia to the Inter-Allied Conference in the U. S. A., he became a member of the Anglo-Russian Commission in New York City. After the debacle in Russia, he was employed by the U. S. War Trade Board, in which he served until its dissolution.



**BORIS L. BRASOL**, author of "The Balance Sheet of Sovietism," was born in Russia, graduated from the Imperial University of Petrograd, studied political science at the Sorbonne (Paris), and became an assistant district attorney in Petrograd. He was an officer of the Imperial Guard at the outbreak of the Great War; was wounded; received several decorations for bravery; was sent by the Russian Imperial Government to Great Britain in 1916 on a diplomatic mission. He was appointed Russian representative to the Inter-Allied Conference in the United States, and became a member of the Anglo-Russian Commission in New York. His knowledge of the crime of Sovietism is first hand. What he says in the pages of his book is authoritative, and should arouse every real American to the realization of an insidious, but no less real danger that threatens our national life and national institutions.

The work of Boris Brasol has received the endorsement of Professor T. N. Carver, Professor of Political Economy at Harvard University, and other authorities on economics. Having made a thorough study and critical analysis of the theories of Karl Marx and his school, he has made an indictment of the complete fallacy of the Marxian theory that has attracted widespread attention.

In his book, "The Balance Sheet of Sovietism," he has called attention to the "Weapons of Hell." The five years' trial of

Bolshevism has revealed a failure of the weapons of hell to obtain the Communist paradise. As he points out: "On the plains of Russia, Socialism has suffered a defeat so conclusive as to make its recovery impossible. The Soviet leaders themselves have been compelled to admit their failure." The battle-cry of 1917, "Proletarians of all countries unite to smash Capitalism" is not forgotten, and it has now been converted into a new motto: "Capitalists of all countries must unite to save Communism."

The foreword has a ringing appeal, but when he relates the story of his own personal experiences, the tragedy in Russia is revealed. His old blind uncle was taken out to execution, and they compelled his son to lead him to the place of slaughter. After the son had led the father to his death, they turned around and shot the son. The cold, devilish, blood-curdling acts in Russia suggest to America that quarantine for disease is as nothing as compared to the necessity of protection against the insidious poison of Bolshevism—a proven curse to modern civilization. Mr. Brasol feels that there is an approach toward a strictly scientific viewpoint in which labor and capital can at last understand their common interest.

Mr. Brasol has given a clear, readable insight into conditions today in Russia, and of the ideas and men that have produced them. He deals with the industrial, agricultural, commercial, intellectual, educational and political conditions as they are at this day, and does not discuss the problematic future, but the awful and ghastly present. It has been most appropriately named "The Balance Sheet of Sovietism," presenting as it does a word picture of fraudulent bankruptcy in governmental experiments. The noble spirit of Russia, with all its vision, has an art culture and science that can never be crushed in bestial brutality, for the spirit of men like Boris L. Brasol will go marching on to the day of achievement—simple justice and a stable government for his own beloved Russia.

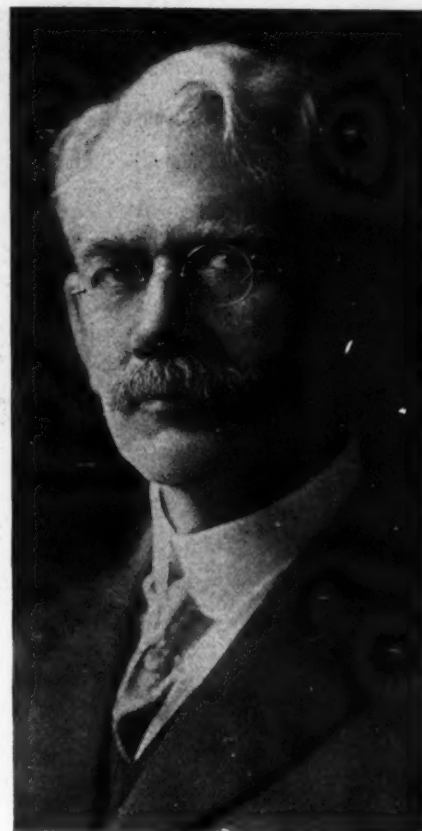
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#### From Messenger to Bank President Tells a Story of Real Genius for Finance

IT was not difficult to prophesy, some years ago, when Edmund Daniel Hulbert went west from Connecticut, that there was a future ahead of him. He was born at Pleasant Valley, in the Charter Oak State, and seemed to possess the inherent genius for finance that comes to many boys living in the state which contains the city of Hartford, the insurance center of the world, where they live and eat up figures in true Scotch style.

Soon after Mr. Hulbert graduated from the public schools, he became a messenger in the Hurlbut National Bank at Winsted, Connecticut. Then he was promoted to bookkeeper, and later became a full-fledged cashier.

The call to the West was strong and he accepted the Vice-presidency of the First National Bank in Winona, Minnesota. This was in 1877, and for the next eighteen years he was in close contact with the development of the great Midwest and Northwest, and knows his Minnesota like he did his native state.



**EDMUND D. HULBERT**, Western banker and a director in many nationally-known mercantile and industrial concerns, is a financial leader whose opinion and judgment are sought in the solving of many big business problems. The large business interests of the great Mid-west and Northwest look upon him as a mentor.

In 1916 he became president of the Merchant's Loan and Trust Company in Chicago, but it didn't end there. As a director of the Pullman Trust Company, Marshall Field & Company, Roseland State Savings Bank and C. & N. W. Ry., he developed into one of the clear-headed financial leaders whose judgment was sought.

Farming and the industrial production of the West was familiar to him, as well as the details of mercantile operations. Large business interests soon recognized that in Edmund D. Hulbert was a man who knew how to decide and to act fairly in a crisis. In the reorganizations and cumulation of banking corporations that follow in the natural evolution of business development, it was logical for Chicago to predict some years ago that Edmund D. Hulbert was on his way to become one of the best known financiers of the Midwest, where virile business genius of the country is being concentrated to direct affairs, and the era of growth and expression which calls for the best brains of the country.

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#### The Former Boston Harbor Commissioner Exemplified New England Traditions

WHEN the record is written of the life of the late John Nelson Cole, the first thing that will come to mind is his love for his home, his family and friends. He had a distinguished career in Massachusetts



**THE LATE JOHN N. COLE**, former Harbor Commissioner of Boston, was active in the work of the Deeper Waterways Commission, and a constructive force in public affairs and the political life of Massachusetts

His first paternal ancestor to land in this country was Thomas Cole, who came over in the *Mary and John* in March, 1633, and from that time the family has had an honored position in public life. His last great public act, showing his Yankee business genius was to sell to the United States government the largest dry dock in the country for the State of Massachusetts, in May, 1920, and received the largest single check ever paid to the State, representing \$4,158,358.51. You will observe he got the 51 cents.

This dock was recently used for the steamer *Majestic* of the White Star Line, one of the largest steamships afloat, and is a good argument why more shipping should come to Boston.

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head" editors and fiery oratory, mixed with freezing temperature, and throws a few side-lights on the bubbles of political life.

The book is most interesting in the opening chapters, for some one has said that about the most interesting portion of our lives are the early years when dreams are crystallizing—realization is too matter-of-fact, after you know the causes. He humorously mentions that the first edition of his book of reminiscences was exhausted "in a hurry," having been consumed by fire, but grimly insists that the demand for the book, especially for free copies, continues unabated. It is doubtful whether the average editor of the U. S. A. will ever acquire the habit of paying for a book or admission to a theatre, or even a church supper. One of the early allurements of journalism, as a profession, was the free passes.

There is a glow of tender memories and rollicking humor in the book that marks Fred W. Allsopp as a good fellow through



**FRED W. ALLSOPP** is an "all around" Arkansas newspaper man who stands for the best traditions of the Fourth Estate. He tells the world that the best state in the Union is the one where the paw-paw grows; and that the *Gazette* is the best newspaper in that state

public life, but in all the busy activities his heart was in his home town of Andover, with its classic atmosphere of culture and its stately elms. The homey place with trees and flowers, built under his constructive genius, which he called "home," was within the town lines of Andover. He reclaimed waste land here, making it into a beautiful pond, and never tired of sunrises and sunsets among his native hills.

The keynote of the character of John N. Cole was his home. He loved people; he loved music; he loved the old songs. As a member of the General Court of Massachusetts and Speaker of the House of Representatives, he made a notable public record. As editor of the *Andover Townsman* his influence was felt throughout the Bay State.

Being active in the work of the Deeper Waterways Commission and American Port Authorities, he was regarded as an authority on the subject.

One hobby was the development of Boston Harbor, a project that was close to his heart. He served as Commissioner of Efficiency and Economy prior to the War. A speaker of unusual force, he was a factor in public affairs and political life—one of those friends loyal and true that could always be counted upon in emergencies. He truly exemplified some of the best New England traditions. He lived and died in the town of his birth, honored as one of its first citizens. This was more to him than public distinctions of the state or nation, because he was ardent in love of the tenets of a true Republic as revealed in the New England town meeting.

#### Western Newspaper Man Writes Interesting Books about Journalism

A NEWSPAPER man is naturally interested in his calling, but there is something so particularly appreciative of the craft in Fred W. Allsopp's "History of the Press of Arkansas for One Hundred Years" and also in his "Little Adventures in Newspaperdom" that transcends vocational pride. In his history he makes a survey of what the profession means in the one state of Arkansas. Out of 1,438 publications that are included in this record of the Arkansas press, only 286 survive, and among the survivors is the paper which Fred W. Allsopp has served so long and faithfully, the *Arkansas Gazette* of Little Rock.

His book "Little Adventures in Newspaperdom," is a human interest story from start to finish, reflecting something of the experiences of newspaper men all over the country. The story begins with the representation of the longing of a boy in a small town, to become a newspaper man. He early developed a long nose for news and became a "correspondent," for he believed that journalism was the open sesame to literature.

He pays a graceful tribute to the "Old Lady," which he fondly calls the *Arkansas Gazette*. The objective of his youthful ambition was to hold a position on that very newspaper. Now he is manager, and he breaks forth into verse to express his sentiments.

Fred Allsopp has not only been identified with the editorial, but with the business end of newspaper work. He talks of "Squirrel-

and through. He is also the author of "The Life Story of Albert Pike," a biographical tribute to an intellectual genius who served as an inspiration in his young life. It is a story comprehensively told in which the Supreme Commander of the Scottish Rite of Free Masonry, General Pike, is given the credit justly due in his lifetime of struggling achievements.

Altogether, Fred W. Allsopp, who lives at Little Rock, Arkansas, is accredited as an



author, a publisher, a business manager, and, best of all, one of those "all around" newspaper men who know every process in the making of books and newspapers.

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#### A Wise and Kindly Guardian of the Gate that Admits the Immigrant

AT Ellis Island there is evidence of efficiency that counts. Robert E. Tod, a retired business man of New York, has given to the Immigration Service the advantage of his life activities and concentrated business ability. On several holidays, when all the other departments of the government were having a day off, he was on the job. This portion of the Department of Labor was hard at work on Labor Day. Ten passenger ships and sixteen freight boats had arrived that morning, and Commissioner Tod and his efficient co-workers were right on the job taking care of the full tide of immigration.

Mr. Tod was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1867, and sympathetically understands what it means to the immigrants to come to a strange country. He arrived in America as a boy of seventeen. Later he entered the firm of J. Kennedy, Tod & Company, and construction work was the dominant note in Mr. Tod's business activities.

He is Officier de la Legion d' Honneur.



**ROBERT E. TOD**, Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island—the most important immigration station in the world. He applies to its administration the principles of efficiency absorbed in a long and successful business career

France. He has only one "d" in his name—an evidence of Scotch frugality which suggests the story of a name that had only one "d."

When Governor Tod of Ohio visited Abraham Lincoln during the war, he was asked why his name was spelled with one "d." Lincoln said, "My wife's name was Todd, but she spelled it with two d's."

Governor Tod replied grimly: "You know God only used one 'd'."

Lincoln laughed heartily and admitted he was worsted in that joke.

The Commissioner is a quiet man, but makes every motion count. He is much beloved by his force, and experts have insisted that a better organized department does not exist than at Ellis Island, although there is always a shortage of employees, due to lack of Congressional appropriation. As one adopted citizen remarked on returning to meet some relatives: "Where could a more impressive entrance to American citizenship be made than under the skyline at Ellis Island, New York City, and under the shadow of the Statue of Liberty?"

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#### Helping to Save More than a Million Children From Starvation

IN the colossal undertaking of supplying clothing for more than a million Russian children and several million adults who would otherwise perish from the cold, Colonel William N. Haskell, of the American Relief Administration, has again proved his right to the title given him by the grateful Russian people: "Commander of the Army that Achieved the Impossible."

Last winter, with a little staff of two hundred Americans, Colonel Haskell, under the leadership of Herbert Hoover, saved ten million people from starvation. They fought the most terrible enemy in the world—famine—in an area two-thirds as large as the United States, in a country crippled by lack of transportation, riddled with famine, with disease, with death. Today the fight is almost over. It remains now to clothe more than a million children who have nothing to protect them from the bitter northern winter, and Colonel Haskell is still "on the job." His desk in Moscow is, figuratively speaking, like a watch tower. It commands a view of all of Russia. Clothing packages are moved like pawns from America to Riga, from the Baltic to the Caucasus, from Siberia to the Black Sea.

There are four Haskell children back home in Albany, New York. John is at West Point, but Mary and William, Jr., and Joseph know more about Russia than the average American child does about his own country. The three boys have been there. In Albany they have a map with railroads traced by means of pins and the details of their father's business is the most absorbing thing in the world for them.

After all, it is an interesting business. To have a father especially appointed by Herbert Hoover to feed and clothe millions of little children. No other person in the world—not even Santa Claus—has such a wonderful job as this.

Colonel Haskell, aside from his great achievement in feeding starving Russia, has a distinguished military record on his own account. He graduated from West



**COL. WILLIAM N. HASKELL**, of Albany, New York, chief of the Russian unit of the American Relief Administration, of which Herbert Hoover is the chairman. Last winter Colonel Haskell, under the leadership of Mr. Hoover and with a little staff of two hundred Americans, saved ten million people from starvation in Russia. This year he is engaged in saving more than a million Russian children and several million adults from freezing to death by means of the clothing packages sent by the American Relief Administration to Russia

Point in 1901, served in the 9th U. S. Cavalry in the Philippines, was colonel of the "Irish Regiment," the Sixty-ninth New York, and won the Distinguished Service Medal from the United States for his work in the Fourth Army Corps at the battle of St. Mihiel. He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor of France for his service in the World War and was given the Conspicuous Service Medal of New York State. After the armistice he was, at the request of Herbert Hoover, assigned as chief of the American Relief Administration in Roumania, where he fed the entire population until the harvest of 1919. He was then appointed by the Supreme Council in Paris as Allied High Commissioner to Armenia, a commission that included the clothing, feeding and hospitalization of practically the entire population.

Colonel Haskell has undertaken his work in Russia as he would undertake a military offensive. He has played one of the leading roles in what is perhaps the greatest humanitarian achievement in history, but he has not gone at it in a sentimental way. He has utilized every resource, instilled discipline, taken account of every detail. American clothing packages today are being transported by every known vehicle, by boats and

trains and "flivvers," by mules and horses and sledges along the frozen roads, by wheelbarrows across the vast Russian steppes, where there are no roads at all, by camels and peasants' backs into huddled little villages that have never seen a railroad. As fast as America buys clothing packages, they are being delivered to little shivering

#### American Citizen now has Deed to English Home of Washington's Ancestry

THE trend of closer relations with the country that speaks the same tongue is reflected in the fact that an American citizen has acquired a deed of the home of the ancestors of George Washington in England.

Sulgrave Manor in England is redolent with the traditions of a family name that reflects glory in both American and English history. It remained for Colonel Joseph G. Butler, Jr., of Youngstown, Ohio, a great-grandson of Colonel Thomas Butler (who was a close personal friend of George Washington) to acquire a deed to the home where the ancestors of the Father of our Country resided long before the dream of the new Republic in the western world was established.

The idea of acquiring this home took root in the mind of Mr. Butler years ago. The passing over of the deed to the home of George Washington's ancestors by English people cannot fail to further promote good will and emphasize the united spirit of the two nations. Mr. Butler was a pioneer in the movement, and first interested a lineal descendant of George Washington. In his book published in 1910 he wrote a chapter on "A Day in Washington's Country," describing his pilgrimage to Sulgrave Manor, which created widespread interest in the subject.

On the spot where lived Washington's forbears he was inspired with the idea that the property should be acquired by one of our patriotic societies and put in proper condition, with an endowment fund to make it a shrine for all patriotic Americans in Europe to visit.

Other patriotic Americans joined with him for the restoration of the buildings and grounds, making it a depository of documentary, pictorial, and other records of American history from the time of the Treaty of Ghent.

The purposes of Sulgrave Institute are to foster friendship and to promote better understanding among English-speaking people, to encourage the interchange and presentation of busts of noted Americans in England and of noted Englishmen in America. The Sulgrave Manor deed transfers a grant of the Manor and lands of Sulgrave "from Leasons to Makepeace, March 4, 1606, being in the reign of our sovereign Lord James the First." It is a large folio parchment, and the hand-

writing is in a fine state of preservation. The document is signed by Hobart Washington, the Elder, with Lawrence Washington and Hobart Washington the Younger as witnesses.

Colonel Butler is to be congratulated upon the achievement of the one great desire of his life. He was the originator and prime mover for a memorial building at the birthplace of President McKinley at Niles, Ohio. In fact, it is a matter of record that he has done more to preserve the memories of eminent men than any other individual, in the way of statues, busts, and tablets. In every one of these will also remain a remembrance of the dauntless patriotic spirit of Colonel Joseph G. Butler, Jr., whose American patriotism ever maintains the spirit of his forbears who served with Washington during the dark days at Valley Forge.

\* \* \*

#### Financial Writer is Author of Inspirational Booklet Breathing Doctrine of Thrift

THE problem of the future hinges around the one word "work." People have forgotten how to work in the good old-fashioned way—they have forgotten how to save. All the world has been a spendthrift since the days of the war.

Out of the West comes a voice that has made an impression in inspirational literature. Harvey A. Blodgett of St. Paul is



**HARVEY A. BLODGETT**, of St. Paul, is known the world over to banks and trust companies for his booklets on thrift and the art of saving. The general public knows him well also as the writer of inspirational messages in booklet form.



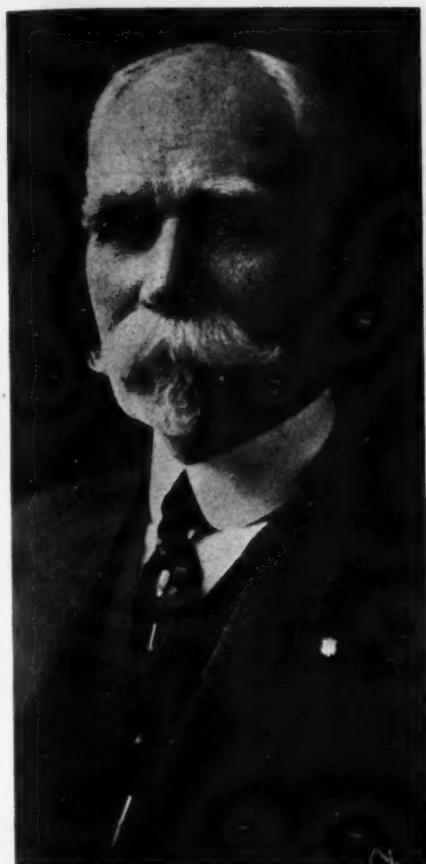
**COLONEL JOSEPH G. BUTLER, Jr.**, of Youngstown, Ohio, has crowned a lifetime of establishing memorials to America's eminent men by the acquiring of Sulgrave Manor, England—the home of George Washington's ancestors—for a permanent memorial to the Father of His Country, and to promote a closer bond of understanding between the English-speaking peoples

Russian boys and girls who have been reduced to wearing sackcloth—their only protection against the terrible Russian cold.

Yes, Colonel Haskell is always a military man, in conception as well as in execution. He never admits failure, and he lets nothing stand in the way of the accomplishment of an ideal. Just now his ideal is clothing for shivering Russian children, and each \$20 sent to the American Relief Administration headquarters at 42 Broadway, New York, means another package for suffering Russia. In each package is enough to keep a family warm; nearly five yards of dark warm wool cloth, eight yards of flannelette, lining and sixteen yards of muslin for underwear with buttons and thread to make them up.

"In both a famine and a battle the fighting rules are much the same," Colonel Haskell once observed to a fellow-relief worker, "you just keep your face to the foe and go straight ahead."





**ARTHUR H. LOWE**, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, looks like a Southern Colonel, but he isn't. He's a New Englander, born and bred, and has taken a prominent part in the development of New England industries

known as the author of "Man Alive!" He is engaged in bank advertising and business building, and the Harvey Blodgett Company of St. Paul is well known to banks and trust companies the world over.

His "Art of Saving" is a brief and concise text book of thrift, perhaps the only one in existence today. This has been circulated among savings depositors by the nation's banks to the extent of nearly three-quarters of a million copies. His "Maxims of a Self-Made Man" has also proved most popular, and several hundred thousand have been distributed. For the children, in collaboration with F. G. Cooper—the well-known poster artist—Mr. Blodgett has produced "Thrifty Alexander," which has a strong appeal to children.

Hitherto, Mr. Blodgett's work has been confined to writing inspirational messages designed to promote thrift and to stimulate human aspirations. His "Man Alive!" departs from the thrift appeal and is of a more general character. In this book he emphasizes that every individual has within him latent unsuspected powers which but need the energizing touch of awakened ambition for their development.

For some years Mr. Blodgett has been the dominating spirit in nationally-known concerns, and is also the head of one of the largest printing and publishing concerns in the Northwest.

His "Bringing up Capitalists" is another little booklet that indicates the scope and

character of his splendid inspirational work. He has the ideas and knows how to get them up and print them in his own shop.

\* \* \*

### This Business Genius did not Need to "Go West, Young Man"

**I**N the history of New England is reflected the very beginning of American industrial development. Far flung in the hills of New England thousands of factories have been built, creating payrolls and making goods sold all over the world, and having even the rocks and rills work in the whirr of industry.

Arthur H. Lowe was born in Rindge, New Hampshire. Educated in the public schools of Fitchburg, he was one who did not feel the call of the West, but made up his mind to start at home. The establishment of the Parkhill Manufacturing Company at Fitchburg long ago proved his business genius. He did not stop there, but became a director in the Grant Yarn Mills, Connecticut Water Power Company and in many things that have to do with industrial development.

As president of the Lancaster Mills at Clinton, and a director of the Equitable Life Insurance Company of New York, he has kept in touch with outside interests. In 1902 he was elected a member of the Governor's Council in Massachusetts. In his public services he has given the same rigid attention to results as in his private affairs. He is never too busy to carry his share and more of civic responsibilities. A member of the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention, president of the Fitchburg Board of Trade, a trustee of the Baldwinville Hospital Cottages for Crippled Children, Cushing Academy and Murdock School Fund, in one list, to say nothing of his membership in many of the leading clubs in New York and Boston—that records the landmarks of a busy life.

There is a real old-fashioned New England sentiment in Colonel Lowe. He purchased the old farm on which he was born—for, like the true New Englander he is, he has a reverence for his birthplace. He also bought eight of the adjoining abandoned farms, and in the past three years he has planted over two hundred and sixty thousand little white pines upon this native land. A veritable forest in themselves, that will remain a monument to Yankee foresight. This is where Colonel Lowe enjoys his real hours of recreation, and may he continue to enjoy them, day after day in every way, with the consciousness that he has done something of constructive value for the future as well as his own generation.

Others may have steam yachts, country places, fads, fancies, and foibles on which to lavish money and leisure time, but future generations will pass this way and think of the man who so generously planted trees. In creating this miniature forest in New England, Colonel Lowe has revealed the constructive spirit of his forebears, and made practical the dream of Johnny Appleseed and the theories of re-forestry.

When you meet Arthur H. Lowe you seem to understand that you are in contact with a business man of ideals and purpose. With his gray mustache and goatee, he has the appearance of a dignified Southern colonel—but if there ever was a man who is New



**IRA ZER ALLEN** has been an educator and supervisor of schools for a score of years. He knows what ailments are draining the vitality of the public school system of America and he suggests some remedies that arouse interest

England to the core, through and through, and representative of the integrity and ideals of his native state of New Hampshire, it is Colonel A. H. Lowe of Fitchburg People naturally think of him when they think of Fitchburg, for he has proven a citizen who understands the duties of citizenship in the broadest sense.

\* \* \*

### What's the Matter with the Schools Today? Here's a Man Who Knows

**A**FTER twenty years of service as an educator and supervisor of schools, Ira Zer Allen has summarized his experiences in a "straight from the shoulder" and direct talk, in language that parents and business men can appreciate, concerning the condition of the schools.

He calls it "Brass Tacks," and his experiences in all kinds of public schools, ranging from those of teacher in a "little red schoolhouse" to those of superintendent of a city public school system, are stirringly related. He insists that it is time to pay more attention to conditions rather than theories, and get the healthy reaction from the youths in our schools, where they can develop their own thinking apparatus.

These are the times when people are ever discussing the future of the country, and

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# The Lawyer's Work *in the War*

*Robert A. Dean proved his metal as a lawyer in the capacity of acting general counsel for the Shipping Board during the war and has since gone on gathering new laurels in the practice of his profession*

THE fruitage of efficient war records in Washington is beginning to show in civil life. During 1919, there was published in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE an appreciation of a man who had done most efficient work in connection with the wild rush of Shipping Board affairs, written by the late George Morris, former editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*, concerning the work of R. A. Dean of Massachusetts. So illuminating is this glimpse of the personality of its subject that we feel it is a prophesy fulfilled:

Men walk timorously these days within the confines of the headquarters of the United States Shipping Board at Washington. The heads of employees comes off with scimitar strokes; whole bureaus are abolished over-night; Senators and Representatives vainly work in behalf of clients and are defeated; reporters from New York out for "special stories" retire dejected; multi-millionaires used to obeisance are taught their place; and rumor has it that diplomats from Great Britain and France, in league with State Department officials, say "Please" to Chairman J. Barton Payne and get a curt "No," for their answer. But while these proceedings go on, causing lightning and thunder in Paris, New York, London, San Francisco and the White House, smiling, rotund, rubicund "Bobby" Dean, formerly of Fall River, walks about the office as general counsel and closest adviser of the chairman, a fine foil to the sardonic, autocratic, hair-trigger, remorseless superior whom he serves; and at the same time, be it noted the most liked man of the staff of which he is a part. For, if in obedience to orders from above, he has to play the role of head-chopper, he does it without incurring the victim's dislike; or, if as a defender of the legal rights of the Board and the public, he has to turn down a claim for millions of alleged losses, he yet retains the claimant's liking and respect for his honesty and fair play as an arbiter. How valuable all this wealth of experience in dealing with admiralty law, with the practical problems of shipping and high finance will be to Hon. Robert Dean, when he severs his relations with the government and returns to practice of the law, it is hardly possible to exaggerate. He has indeed come a long way since he graduated from the Harvard Law School and hung out his shingle in Fall River.

During the early days of the war he found his way to Washington as counsel for a client having dealings with the War Department; was induced to serve it in a legal way for a short time and then came over to the legal department of the Shipping Board where he has impressed men as different as Mr. Hurley and Mr. Payne with his resources, professional and human.

Robert A. Dean was born in Fall River, Massachusetts, in 1881. His forebears reach back to the early settlers of Plymouth Colony. His father, Gardiner T. Dean, was prominent in the business affairs of Fall River, but did not live long enough to see his son get his start in life.

Young Dean graduated from the local high school, then from Harvard in 1903, and from the law school at Harvard with a LL.B., in 1905. Associated with the firm of Jennings, Morton & Brayton, in two years he developed self-reliance. Then he



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ROBERT A. DEAN was a Massachusetts attorney, a product of the Harvard Law School, when in the early days of the War, he went to Washington as counsel for a client having dealings with the War Department. He remained in Washington, became general counsel and closest adviser to the chairman of the Shipping Board, and absorbed a wealth of experience in dealing with Admiralty Law and the practical problems of high finance. After his retirement from the Shipping Board he resumed the practice of law in Washington and has handled some very large cases

decided to "hang out his shingle" in his home town.

As chairman of the Republican City Committee in 1905 and 1910, he early realized that a lawyer must know men as well as books. An active part in politics appealed to him as a civic responsibility. In a short time he was recognized as a leader. Later on he became prominent in the Councils of the Progressive party in Massachusetts, and was numbered among the friends and advisers of Colonel Roosevelt in New England affairs.

During the war he was urged to enter the Ordnance Department as many other lawyers were doing. One day, while in New York City on legal business, he found it necessary to go to Washington. He completed his legal business and while there a friend urged him to take up the work on the Shipping Board, and here was where his abilities would count in effective results. The start was made—and that decided an important turning point in his life.

He was promoted rapidly because of his grasp of human relations, as well as legal affairs, until he became Assistant General Counsel of the Shipping Board and was Acting General Counsel for several months under Chairman John Barton Payne. Sent on a trip to the coast, he assisted in straight-

ening out tangles. His addresses in the cities of Seattle, Portland and San Francisco before Chambers of Commerce and other organizations, give some idea of the gigantic scope of the work in which he was engaged.

After his retirement from the Shipping Board, Robert A. Dean resumed the practice of law in Washington. He has handled some very large cases. His early thorough legal training served him well in his public service and in his legal work, for he has a New England conscience and the Yankee genius for constructive affairs.

During his activities in the Progressive Party campaigns, he never was a candidate for public office, but was always helping the other fellow. In 1917 he was elected a member of the State Constitutional Convention in Massachusetts. This august body recessed until 1918, but Mr. Dean served on the Committee, which was appointed at the request of Mr. Brooks Adams to study the social and economic consequences which would follow the war, and to see whether or not it required any amendment to the state constitution. The Committee met all winter, but did practically nothing, but Mr. Dean's associations with Albert E. Pillsbury, Judge Morton, Martin Lomasney, Ned Curtis, Albert Washburn, who is now the new Minister to

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# The "Admiral" of the U.S. Treasury Department

*When the Pacifists of the crop of 1790 were crying out against a Navy—Washington fooled 'em by approving an Act creating the Revenue Cutter Service*

THE Treasury Department of the United States comes close to the people in these times. It operates with the efficiency and precision of a business organization of the highest order. When Edward Clifford became Assistant Secretary, his friends knew that things would move. Although officially he is addressed as "Mr. Secretary," the coast guard boys insist upon calling him Admiral Clifford, and to his friends he still remains Edward Clifford, the quick-acting, decisive friend of everyone who needs and deserves a friend. He is the official head of the United States Coast Guard, a bureau of the Treasury Department, and there are times when they must fly an Admiral's flag.

An address by radio, delivered to members of the Coast Guard on the one hundred and thirty-second anniversary of its birth, celebrated a historical event which was not widely recorded in newspaper headlines, as on the day when Babe Ruth made a home run and the "Stillman" case reappeared. And here was where Secretary Clifford, as their Admiral, honored an important branch of service seldom heard about.

The Coast Guard even antedates the United States Navy. In 1790 George Washington approved the act for the construction of ten revenue cutters at the second session of Congress held in the city of New York. It was a plan to circumvent the pacifists of those days, crying out against a navy.

The story was told by Assistant Secretary Clifford over the radio to the Coast Guard. It was an address that will never be forgotten by the brave crews. This greeting thrilled the men as they listened, in the light-houses and on the light ships, amid the roar of waves and along the surf-bound coast, to the cheering voice of their commander.

Hello, Officers and Men of the Coast Guard:

This is the Treasury Department, Edward Clifford, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, speaking. I have supervision of the United States Coast Guard—a bureau of the Treasury.

This is the first time your Assistant Secretary has spoken directly to you. The development of the radio has had a tremendous influence upon the work of the Coast Guard. It has greatly increased its efficiency and its value to the country. The perfection of the radiophone will doubtless open up even a greater field of usefulness; in a few years it may be a common practice for the Treasury to talk with an individual ship at sea; or, indeed, the whole Service.

I am calling you up to congratulate you on this, the one hundred and thirty-second birthday of the Coast Guard. I hope that, wherever you may be, you are observing this anniversary of the Service.

It is a fine thing to belong to an organization that has behind it a record of one hundred and thirty-two years of splendid achievement in peace and in war, and that has ahead of it a great opportunity for constructive work. Any service that has such a long and honorable record is bound to have high traditions and a strong corps spirit and pride.



**COLONEL EDWARD CLIFFORD**, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is by virtue of that position official head of the United States Coast Guard, which is a bureau of the Treasury Department. So, besides being Uncle Sam's fiscal agent, he is by courtesy Admiral of an organization that boasts a record of 132 years of splendid achievements in peace and war, and whose history goes back to the foundation of our government

The history of the Coast Guard goes back to the foundation of our government. On August 4, 1790, George Washington, President of the United States, approved an Act providing for the construction of ten revenue cutters. This was an Act of the second session of the First Congress, held in the city of New York. Alexander Hamilton was then Secretary of the Treasury. This brilliant young statesman, who did so much to put the financial system of our republic on a firm foundation, may be considered the father of the Coast Guard.

After the Revolutionary War, the Continental Navy was disbanded. There was then no sea force available for the protection of the coasts and the maritime interests of the newly-constituted United States until the organization of the Revenue-Cutter Service. The cutters formed the only armed force afloat belonging to the young republic until a Navy was authorized several years later. The officers of the first cutters were appointed largely from the

officers who had served in the old Continental Navy. The first commission granted by President Washington to any officer afloat was issued to Captain Hopley Yeaton of New Hampshire in the Revenue-Cutter Service. In 1915 the Revenue-Cutter Service was merged with the Life-Saving Service to form the United States Coast Guard, but today is the one hundred and thirty-second birthday anniversary of the Coast Guard. Founded at the very outset of our national history, it has continuously served the country faithfully and well. It has played a distinguished part in every war in which this country has been engaged. With a notable military history, it has also established a record that is unequalled for humanitarian accomplishment in affording succor to those in distress at sea.

We should today remember reverently the gallant officers and men of the Coast Guard who gave their lives for their country during the World War. On September 26, 1918, the Coast Guard cutter *Tampa*, which belonged to a division of vessels escorting convoys from Gibraltar to England, was sunk by an enemy submarine in the Bristol Channel. Every officer and man on board the *Tampa* perished. Other officers and men gave their lives during the war under less dramatic circumstances.

The magnitude of the work of the Coast Guard in time of peace may be illustrated by the fact that during the last fiscal year the Service saved or rescued from peril 1,621 lives, and the value of the vessels assisted by the Coast Guard was over sixty-six million dollars.

Besides the men on the vessels on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts who, I hope, are hearing my words, we have comrades on one ship of the Coast Guard in Asiatic waters, one on a cruise into the Arctic Ocean, several are cruising in Alaskan waters, and along the Pacific Coast, while others are at work on the Great Lakes. The crews of two hundred and thirty-five stations scattered all along our coastline are ever on the alert to render aid to vessels in distress.

The Coast Guard may point with pride to what it has done through its long history and to what it is doing today. But you must not only look back on what has been accomplished—you must look forward. The official motto of the Coast Guard is "Semper Paratus," which means "Always Ready." You must not only be ready for whatever work may come to hand, but you must seek lines of endeavor where the efficiency of the Coast Guard will tell. I like to speak of the Coast Guard as the "Peace and War Service" because it does its full share in the national defense in time of war, and it does fine constructive work in time of peace.

As Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, I extend my personal greetings to every officer and man on board each ship and at each station that hears me. The Treasury is proud of you. On this anniversary I wish you many happy returns of the day.

Good luck and good-bye!

At the anniversary exercises at Cape May, New Jersey, Admiral Clifford was greeted with the salute of fifteen guns as he arrived to participate in the event, and greeted in person many of the men there assembled.

In the Treasury Department, Secretary Clifford has charge of collecting customs revenues, and the building of post-office buildings. In fact, he is Uncle Sam's fiscal agent. There is not a busier man in Washington, yet, like the real busy man, he always has time to do things necessary to be done, and to see those who have real business with him at any time or place.

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*Romance comes trooping from the past*

## The "Mission Play" in California

*The olden, golden days of the Spanish Missions depicted in John Steven MacGroarty's pageant-drama in the old Mission Town of San Gabriel*

AMERICA is so young a nation—compared with those nations of the Old World whose history runs back to the dawn of civilization itself—that we, in this hurrying commercial age, are prone to forget that America, too, had its days of Romance no less compelling of awe and wonder when we pause to look back upon them, than those of England, or Spain, or Italy itself.

Indeed, it is to Spain that we are indebted for the memories that linger round certain historic shrines unhappily allowed to fall to ruin and decay along the western coast line of this great continent—and to a noble band of true followers of the risen Christ who dedicated their lives, their thoughts, their utmost endeavors, to the spreading of religion and education among the Indians of California.

In the world's history there is nothing quite comparable in essential Romance with the story of the Spanish Missions and those good Franciscan monks who left their own, to bury themselves in a far land, that the torch of civilization should be lighted in the wilderness.

They passed—and, seemingly, the world forgot: but the glory and the beauty of their unselfish service left an impress on the consciousness of humanity that will last so long as Time itself endures.

And, more and more each year, as the historical perspective lengthens, does the flower of Romance that springs eternal from the ruins of those old adobe piles scattered along the King's Highway bloom to a sweeter fragrance.

One connecting link between today and that golden era of the past when the good Padres taught the simple aborigines the arts of husbandry is the famous "Mission Play" at San Gabriel in California—an historical pageant-drama first produced in the old Mission town ten miles distant from Los Angeles on the evening of April 29, 1912. The Play has been produced annually ever since, and is now in its twelfth continuous year of presentation.

More than a million people, from every state in the Union and every country in the world, have already witnessed performances of the "Mission Play." It usually begins its season on New Year's Day and continues with daily performances on an average of six months each year. It has been presented in a theater specially constructed for it adjoining the old Franciscan Mission of San Gabriel, founded by the Mission Fathers in the year 1771, but the Play has outgrown its original roof-tree and is now being performed in a magnificent new theater a little ways distant from the old structure.



JOHN STEVEN MacGROARTY went to California twenty-five years ago. He was already a poet and an author, and a ten years' residence in his adopted state served to saturate his mind with the romantic story of the Spanish Missions. After exhaustive study of the early history of California, he wrote the "Mission Play." He could not find a manager who would produce it, or even a theatre that he could hire. But his faith in the possibilities of the play was such that he went ahead against the advice of experienced producers, built his own theatre and produced the play himself. His success has been amazing—almost without a parallel in dramatic annals.

The new Playhouse is in itself an architectural marvel. And while over two thousand performances of the Play were given in the old Playhouse, it is freely prophesied that the Play will continue in its new home until it is gray with age, and generation after generation of men have come and passed away. The new Playhouse is constructed of adobe, the material used in all the Mission structures of California, of which there were twenty-one, standing about thirty miles apart and extending along the sunset coast

for a distance of seven hundred miles between San Diego and Sonoma.

These old Franciscan Missions of California, now mostly in ruins, are almost the only standing landmarks of history within the boundaries of the United States. They were erected by the first white men to come to California one hundred and fifty years ago, led by the indomitable Fray Junipero Serra—who is fast becoming a towering figure on the pages of American history.

The Missions were vast establishments, and were used not only as houses of divine worship for the native Indians that the Franciscan missionaries rapidly and completely converted to Christianity, but also as living places for the natives, in which they were trained to work successfully at more than fifty different European trades and crafts. In the days of their glory, the California Missions sheltered thousands upon thousands of happy aborigines who had come to embrace the Christian religion, and whose industry under the wise and tender guidance of the Padres lifted them into a condition of unbounded prosperity. The great dream fell first into decay in the year 1838, when the Mexican Government, of which California was then a province, confiscated the establishments and broke them up. Now they stand in ruins as a memory of a splendid achievement and once happy days.

The story of these Missions constitutes the earlier history of California, and it is this story which has been woven into the pageant-drama of the Mission Play.

The Play was written and produced and is still owned and managed by John Steven MacGroarty, a Pennsylvanian, who went to California from his native state twenty-five years ago. He was then already a poet and a successful author, and after about ten years' residence in his adopted home in the Golden State the great dramatic and literary possibilities of the story of the Missions took strong hold on him. He made a most careful study of early California history, wrote a very popular book on the subject, and then turned his attention to the composition and production of the Mission Play.

At the start the author received little or no encouragement or help from anyone. But his faith in his own production was unlimited. He could find no theatrical producer who would attempt production of his Play. No one would let him have a theatre for it, either for love or money. So he built his own theatre and went ahead against the advice and prophecies of his friends.

His success has been amazing, and quite without a parallel in the dramatic annals of



this country. We hear of plays that have run a year or two years on Broadway, New York. But here is a play on the King's Highway in California, a considerable journey away from a city of any importance, pitching its tent in a dead and forgotten Mission pueblo, which has run for a period of twelve years with an annually increasing attendance of patrons.

No tourist or visitor to California fails to attend at least one performance of the Mission Play at San Gabriel. And many of them make several visits to it. And now, during the past two or three years, the population of California itself has taken strongly to the Play. No resident of California would think of letting any year pass without at least one visit to the Mission Play, while there are very many instances of those who attend dozens of times during each season. It is a Play of which no one ever tires.

The Play is in three acts. In the first act is depicted the desperate and dramatic struggle which the pioneer missionaries and soldiery sent by Spain to Christianize and colonize California had to endure. The second act pictures the Missions in their glory when California was the happiest land in all the world. In this act the author introduces the fascinating folk dances and folk songs of California in the early days. Towards the end of the act occurs the great "fiesta scene," which is a show in itself, glorious with color and vibrant with the merry feet of Spanish dancers, and the voices and instruments of Spanish singers and musicians.

The third act depicts the heartbreaking but hauntingly beautiful story of the Missions in ruins.



**INDIAN WOMEN POTTERY MAKERS** in the "Mission Play" at San Gabriel. More than a million people from every state in the Union and every country in the world, have already witnessed performances of John Steven MacGroarty's pageant-drama depicting the olden days of the Spanish Missions and the romantic story of that golden era in California's early history when Padre Junipero and his brown-robed brothers of St. Francis wrought their miracle of love and devotion among the Indians. Now in its twelfth continuous year of presentation, the "Mission Play," after more than two thousand performances, has outgrown the theatre in which it was originally produced, and a new Playhouse—which in itself is an architectural marvel—has been specially erected for it near the old Franciscan Mission of San Gabriel, founded by the Mission Fathers in the year 1771

In addition to his large company of Spanish dancers, singers and musicians, and a still larger company of trained actors who assume the spoken roles of the Play, Mr. MacGroarty has used in his production a

considerable number of the native Indians who are descendants of forefathers first converted to Christianity by the good Padre Junipero and his brown-robed brothers of St. Francis.

## The "Admiral" of the U.S. Treasury Department

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Edward Clifford is a bundle of enthusiasm and clear-headed action. Born in Virginia, Cass County, Illinois, he had the usual career of an ambitious American lad. He studied law as an opening for a public career, and, like many ambitious Illinois boys, he later went to Chicago and became a part of it—growing with the city and advancing rapidly in positions of trust. He was one of those young dynamos that are always in action.

He received his Ph.B. degree at Illinois College, Jacksonville, in 1896, and his LL.B. from Washington University, St. Louis, in 1900. Then he started in business in earnest. After vigorously practicing law for four years, he went into business for himself under the name of Elston, Clifford & Company. He was a delegate to the National Republican Convention in 1916, and served as Lieutenant-Colonel in the United States Army in the World War on staff duty in Washington and France, and earned the title of Colonel among other distinctions.

As one of the newspapers has said: "He was born in Virginia, in Cass County, reared in Chicago, lives in Evanston, Illinois, but has worked all over the world and might be called a world citizen."

When the war broke out he was called overseas, and his record there is a brilliant example of American executive achievement. He is rather tall and slim and fairly curls right around his desk when at work. His keen grey eyes seem to catch everything as it passes over his desk. He is quick and decisive, and his ability has already meant a saving—thousands of dollars—to the government, but his real business is finance.

He sits in the shadow of a portrait of Lyman J. Gage, former Secretary of the Treasury from Chicago, who has been the inspiration of many a young Chicago lad. Opposite is a portrait of Richard Rush of Pennsylvania, also a former Secretary of the Treasury, who made a record in the early part of the century for rushing things to a finish. On the walls are copies of the famous paintings of the life savers, the Coast Guards, at work.

His office reflects the energetic spirit of the man. Not far away from his desk is a group picture of his children, the boys and girls in his family. He can look from his window down upon the Washington monument and pay tribute to the "Father of His Country" who created the Coast Guard.

The shrewd genius of Alexander Hamilton conceived the plan of starting a Navy in the guise of Coast Guards. In the early history of the nation one finds frequent evidence of the master mind of this great patriot. It was fitting that the Coast Guard flagship *Vicksburg* should be renamed in honor of the creator of the Coast Guard, *Alexander Hamilton*, on the anniversary day when Edward Clifford, as Admiral of the Coast Guard, addressed the men of the flagship.

When he entered the Treasury Department he seemed right at home, for he has long lived in a world dealing with financial matters. Among other responsibilities, he has charge of the United States Public Health Service. Here Secretary Clifford comes in contact with immigrants detained at Ellis Island for medical service, and there is a great-hearted, humanitarian work here that deeply and personally interests him, because Edward Clifford is first and last intensely human. When he starts out to do things, results are certain. He is a typical American in his boundless energy, capacity for work and clear-headed decisiveness. But first and last he is a patriot to the very core.

# From White Mice to Millions

*Philip R. Park of Boston, seventeen years ago was proprietor of a pet stock store on Canal Street. Today he is president of the biggest mill in the world manufacturing feeds for livestock. Annual sales of "Lay or Bust" feeds run into millions*

By ROY H. FLYNT

**P**HILIP R. PARK was born a plain farmer's lad in Chelmsford, Massachusetts, fifty years ago. At an early age he displayed an unusual interest in all animal life, which has rapidly deepened into profound study of the habits of wild and domesticated animals and fowl. He identified himself with animal industry after leaving school, particularly poultry raising, and took a prominent part in the breeding and judging of poultry.

As a young man he rapidly became a prominent figure in the poultry world and an authority on feeds and breeding for high egg yields. Poultry magazines sought his articles on breeding because he had early discovered those bone, muscle and tissue-building properties now called "vitamins." Some editors still looked askance at his "experiments" to produce a feed that would make for bigger egg yields. Far from discouraged by what one prominent editor called his "damfool ideas," he continued to experiment and make careful laboratory tests on various combinations of egg-making ingredients with quick assimilative qualities. Not all of his experiments were successful, but like Thomas Edison, Park soon found out the things that "wouldn't work."

Through his observations of the feeding habits of wild life and after countless experiments with domestic animals and fowl, he developed a formula of ground ingredients with carefully balanced food elements, absolutely different than anything produced up to 1900. Prior to that time all soft feeds for poultry were fed wet and were a sticky, soggy, indigestible mass which fermented and caused all sorts of intestinal trouble.

## Originated Dry-Mash System of Feeding

While his research in dry methods were being slightly referred to in a poultry journal as another of Park's "crazy notions," he originated and perfected the "Dry-Mash system" of feeding.

"Dry-Mash" almost overnight revolutionized poultry keeping in the United States by doubling, and in many instances, trebling, the egg output per hen. Instead of being a star boarder, biddy was forced through dry-mash to shell out eggs or "bust."

Park cleverly trade-marked his new dry-mash, which some experiment stations were attempting to claim as their own, under the name of "Lay or Bust Dry-Mash."

Instead of an average of 75 eggs per year, "Lay or Bust" forced each hen to shell out 200 to 300 eggs every twelve months.

Park at this time was New England manager of the Cyphers Incubator Company, but so great was the demand for his new Lay or Bust Dry-Mash that in 1903 the firm of Hollis, Park & Pollard was formed,

partly as a pet store at 46 Canal Street, and partly to manufacture Lay or Bust Dry-Mash, with a factory in Boston. The success of Lay or Bust Dry-Mash was so sensational that two new mills, at Swanton, Vermont, and Oswego, New York, were immediately established. Other livestock feeds were perfected and manufactured under the Park & Pollard Company name.

In 1918 the Park & Pollard Company purchased its present mammoth plant at Buffalo with a storage capacity of over 750,000 bushels. Its dry-kiln is the largest in the world, with a drying capacity of more than 10,000 bushels of grain per day. This plant, covering five-and-one-half acres of land, derives its power from Niagara Falls, a few miles distant.

Mr. Park is the directing head of The Park & Pollard Experiment Farm in the town of Clarence, nineteen miles from Buffalo, where tests in feeding, housing and caring of livestock are being carried on.

In addition to his activities as treasurer of the Park & Pollard Company of Boston, and president of the big mill at Buffalo, engaged in the manufacture of Lay or Bust feeds, Mr. Park is chairman of the Livestock Commission of the State of Maine Chamber of Commerce. This position is fully justified as he is the pioneer beef raiser of Maine, having four years ago purchased six abandoned farms, aggregating nearly two thousand acres, in the town of Jefferson, near Augusta. Here are pure-bred Polled Aberdeen Angus "baby beef" cattle dotting the green hills and rich pastures of the farms, their silky, black coats glistening in the sun, a sight to inspire one to take up the beef raising game for the sheer love of it.

## Gold Mines of the East

Mr. Park calls New England's green pastures and well-watered valleys the "gold mines of the East." He says that better beef and cheaper beef can be raised in Maine than on the Western ranches, and is proving it. From a nucleus of forty-four pure-bred Angus, purchased in Kansas, he has built up one of the finest herds of baby beef in

the country today, and has put his farms on a profitable business basis in a wonderfully short period of time. Sunflower and corn ensilage and home-raised alfalfa and grains spell economy in feeding. The problem of labor practically solves itself, since one man with proper feeding and housing facilities, can care for one hundred head of Angus.



**PHILIP RYDER PARK**, treasurer of the Park & Pollard Company of Boston and Buffalo, and president of the Black Rock Milling Corporation of Buffalo

As head of the livestock commission of the Maine State Chamber of Commerce, he inaugurated the Boys and Girls Baby Beef Clubs of Cumberland and Sagadahoc Counties, which have just completed a most successful season. When bankers of one Maine city refused to lend its boys and girls money to purchase their steers for the contests, Mr. Park accepted fifty notes personally. Every boy and girl came across with the money to redeem his pledge immediately the contest closed, last December.

The Aberdeen Angus beef breed thrives in our New England climate, as zero weather has no terrors for them, even though housed in open sheds, as they are at Jefferson Farms. In Maine especially wide-awake livestock owners are getting back of this beef raising industry and establishing small breeding herds in all parts of the State to

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*Eat, drink and be merry—for tomorrow you diet!*

## Among the Discoveries of the Times—Vitamins

*A chat with Mr. Curtis P. Freshel, President of the Marmite Company, about the recent food discoveries of the present-day scientists*

**T**O be alive today in this age of progression and promise—that is, to be fully alive to all the tremendous possibilities of this epoch—is indeed to realize the full joy of being, and to enjoy that state of health and happiness not always known to our forefathers.

For generations civilization has been making a gradual and persistent pull up hill, towards the Summit of Betterment for the human race. Great minds of past ages have bent their powers to this end, and out of their long services to the interests of humanity, the goal of achievement lies just ahead in the future.

Mankind has come to realize—and out of the tragedy of the war has come much of this realization—that civilization means above all else a fair chance for all men. It means freedom and education and conformity to the mode of right living. The time is now dawning when mankind looks to man for the full promise of the future. Out of the chaos of centuries the new knowledge is indeed proving its power, that greater than inventions, armies and navies, is the mental and physical well being of the *Individual*. Science and Psychology are at last turning their great searchlights of truth upon Man himself. For a perfect man is the symbol of the progress of the race toward Perfection.

It is strangely true and not without a touch of shining romance to the truth, that out of small happenings, observations of a moment—great and lasting achievements have come.

Watts, sitting alone in his kitchen, idly day dreaming, perhaps, saw the power in steam which would lift the lid from the tea kettle. And to this trivial fact was added the full force of his inventive genius. The race moved forward. Transportation became an actual and common reality. Today, upon land and sea, in the marvelous commerce carried on between countries, is the evidence of the applied power of a moment.

Alexander Graham Bell working among the deaf, conceived in his daily routine the idea for the transmission of sound. And with the working out of that idea, worlds have been united; the small gold-like thread of a telephone wire has become the bond which reaches from sea to sea. And in more recent years, with Marconi's marvelous discovery, we have that invisible force in wireless.

All development has been ever upward and onward, until today we have the highest order of attainment. The great thinkers of this age are pursuing the perfection of the *Individual*. Man is in the spotlight and all new discoveries pertain to his being. Psychologists are bringing to the fore the latent possibilities of his subconscious mind; while scientists everywhere are experimenting for his physical welfare. Health has be-

### By THEODOCIA PEARCE

come the keynote of Success for every enterprising nation.

Out of these experiments have come—Vitamins!

A few years ago Casimér Funk of the Lister Institute, London, England, convinced that there was some unknown factor in food necessary to the improvement and the maintenance of the race, put his mind to the task of its discovery. At that time there was little upon which he could build his fundamental calculations. Scarcely any serious thought had been given to the right kind of foods. Man had developed this art of cookery with a desire "to tickle the

palate," rather than to create a physical prowess by correct diet, a fact most tellingly narrated by Shelley in his notes to Queen Mab. The great mistake, though it was not on the whole considered as a mistake, was the milling of white flour and its use extensively. At first this process seemed an economic justification, for the white flour could be kept much longer than the whole wheat grains. Why not, since the living vital element had been removed? Bread stuffs and rich pastries were made from this fine white flour—and still are being made, although it is a known fact that white flour is lacking in the nutritive value of the whole wheat, since in the milling operations the husks or outer layers of grain are eliminated, thus depriving the flour of its real value.

However, Funk did not use the white flour as the basis for his observations, but rather drew his first conclusions from his experiments and the known facts of rice. Out of a critical study of this food it was learned that diseases often resulted from the use of a large amount of polished rice in the diet, while unpolished rice would tend to cure these diseases. This proved, then, that a substance had been subtracted in that process of polishing, which was of vital importance—a life-sustaining substance. And to that substance was given the term "Vitamin." Coming to the potency of this unknown factor in food, Funk was indefatigable in his earnest search for further knowledge and results.

Then out of the war came the great discovery of the health-giving importance of these same Vitamins. Through one instance has been ascertained facts that are proving of invaluable consequence to the human race. As Watts perceived the power of steam, and Bell dreamed and made real his dream of the telephone, from the small observations of a moment, so those brave and advanced thinkers of the day were able to see beyond this one incident a source of incalculable worth for the progress and improvement of the people.

It is a thrilling story, as all stories of great discoveries are thrilling, fraught with a dramatic import and the glamour of romance, doubly so in this situation. Picture twenty thousand British troops under General Townsend located in Mesopotamia and surrounded by the Turkish army. Twenty thousand British troops hopeful of victory, and in the light of that hope enduring untold hardships in this strange, arid, scorching country, so different from the temperate climate of their own Merrie England. Added to the drought and despair, the long days of waiting and anxiety, the dread disease beriberi broke out in a surprising and startling number of cases among the soldiers. Unbe-



Photo by Ye Craftsman Studio, Boston

**CURTIS P. FRESHEL**, President of Marmite Incorporated of America, and a Director of The Marmite Food Extract Company, Ltd., of England, pioneers in the preparation of Vitamins for use in scientific diet

lievable numbers of them were affected and were forced to lay aside their arms before this malignant malady.

Hope of victory turned to the disaster of defeat. The high power of resistance was broken down. And it seemed through many days that the line of defense must indeed break with it. Imagine the baffled dismay of brave commanders and the feeble rally of the soldiers "to carry on."

These facts were transmitted by wireless to London and were recognized at once as indicating a vitamin lack in diet. Unless this deficiency could be overcome immediately, the army would be forced to surrender. Strenuous measures were necessary, and it was decided to send a "flock" of powerful bombing planes over the besieged British army, not this time to drop their death-dealing bombs, but life-giving vitamins. In selecting a food for this purpose, three objects were taken into consideration—vitamin concentration and potency, weight, and keeping qualities. A preparation known in England as "Marmite" was decided upon and large quantities were dropped from the aeroplanes into the camps, to be supplied to the suffering troops. The results were at once amazing and gratifying. Speedily the men recovered and were able to hold out valiantly in their unequal struggle with the enemy. Colonel J. Bruce Kingsmill of the Third Division in Mesopotamia has written:

"I have great pleasure in testifying to the excellent results brought about by the use of Marmite during the war. In the case of beri-beri, it appeared to have the most "vitalizing" effect upon the troops, enabling them to produce a more sustained effect during the arduous operations which took place in the broiling sun."

This experience, and many others, based on mass feeding during the war, gave ample proof of the great value of this food. Recognizing this, the entire available supply of Marmite was reserved for the Commissary Department of the British Army for the duration of the war.

Prior to this, countless letters had been received by The Marmite Corporation in London, testifying to the health-giving value of this food. But that was long before the discovery of Vitamins, and it was not known just what properties of the product brought this most beneficial result. However, today it is understood that the restorative quality lies in its rich Vitamin B content.

Science has already proven the existence of three Vitamins—A, B, and C. The body does not manufacture or develop Vitamins. They must be taken into the body through the food we eat. There is no other source. However, A and C can be stored in the organs of the body. Not so with the B, and therefore a daily intake of this element is necessary. Not only is the B necessary in itself, but it is necessary to make the A and C active and also to assure the digestion and assimilation of all our food. Some foods contain one of these factors, some another, and some contain two in combination.

Vitamin A is contained in milk, butter, eggs, cod-liver oil and some vegetables.

Vitamin C is found in abundance principally in citrus fruits, in lettuce and in tomatoes.

Very little vitamin is found in raw meats; none whatever in cooked meats.

It is generally agreed by scientists that the Vitamin B is the only one of the three of which there is a lack in the normal American diet. While this B vitamin is found in the green leaves of vegetables, it is found in its most highly concentrated and purest form in Marmite. This is a food of rich chocolate brown color, having a pleasing flavor and while made wholly of vegetable substance, it contains thirty-five per cent protein, and eleven valuable mineral salts. From one ton of particularly rich culture of yeast is obtained less than two hundred pounds of Marmite. It will be understood from this that Marmite is not yeast, but an extract from yeast, and is far richer in vitamin content than the yeast from which it is made, also having none of the deleterious properties of raw yeast.

After the war, quantities of Marmite were used in the famine areas and large shipments are now being made to Russia, the Near East and Germany, resulting, according to the official reports of the Food Commissions, in the cure of thousands of defective children, victims of the restricted diet imposed upon their mothers or themselves in war times, these defects taking the form of abnormalities of bone, teeth, eyes and general structure, now known under the general term of rickets.

Although Marmite was brought to this country some fourteen years ago, there are many who in reading this article will be surprised to know that they are using this product daily under the name of Vegex, as packed by The Vitamin Food Company of New York City, a pioneer organization in the distribution of tested Vitamin Foods. Vegex is not as yet fully known in this country, but daily it is coming into its own, and in time it must indeed be recognized by the masses and taken at its rich food value. Today, however, it is the basis of Vitamins in many preparations now on the market—tablets, sauces, soup cubes, soups, bread, Vitamin milk, etc.

Today's housewife in planning her daily menus, does not fail to have a jar handy and to use it in her soups and gravies, to serve it as a bouillon at her table, and to spread it on bread for sandwiches in the children's lunch boxes, for she realizes the value of its Vitamin B content.

Mr. Curtis P. Freshel is the president of Marmite Incorporated of America, the company importing Marmite, and a director of The Marmite Food Extract Company, Ltd., of London, England, the manufacturers. I talked with him one evening at his Boston home, beautiful "Providence House," and learned much of this new discovery. It was so interesting listening to his detail of the facts which I have given in this little story. And more than a mere interest, one felt something of an inspiration. It was there in Mr. Freshel's voice as he talked, in the resonant eagerness of it, and in that bright light of hope in his eyes. For this man is indeed gifted with that vision in his business which tends to promote the health and happiness of all men. He believes in Marmite, and more, he succeeds in making you believe in it, too.

"The time will come and in the near

future," he said to me in full sincerity, "when the sale of non-vitamin foods will be prohibited by law as inimical to public health. There will be government standards for vitamin content, which will be maintained by departments created for this purpose, as today there are departments to enforce correct weights and measures."

Even as in the days of the war, when this product was used for the recovery of the troops with such startling results, it is now being used in the sick room to give strength and stimulant to the invalid fighting a way back to health. There is a case on record of a patient cured in three weeks by an administering of Vegex in the diet, after several years of paralysis. Imagine the joy of one so restored after years of suffering, of knowing again the blessing of health. For physicians everywhere are beginning to realize the amazing value and restorative power of this vitamin B factor and to give it their conscientious and careful attention.

"But what about those who laugh at this new theory of vitamins?" I asked him, aware of the skepticism of many. "They tell us that humanity has gotten along for thousands of years in blissful ignorance. Why bother to tamper with some new fad? Why consider this business of vitamins at all?"

"Is humanity getting along?" Mr. Freshel asked. "Do you realize that at present a man only lives to the average of forty-four years, or but twice the time it takes to develop his full growth, and in addition is ailing over half the time? While other animals live from seven to eight times the number of years it takes them to get their full growth, and are seldom sick. Leading scientists all over the world have reached the conclusion that the principal reason why civilized man suffers so much and lives such a comparatively short period of time is because a great many of the vital elements in his food are destroyed in meeting the problems of distribution of food products. In the last three decades we have become what might be called a "cliff dwelling people," much larger numbers living in cities than heretofore, and in consequence these cities increasing tremendously in population with necessarily new and changed living conditions. These conditions have increased the difficulty of food distribution, and have brought into being the large industries for canning, processing, milling and storage plants as the only means of bringing these foods from the point of production to our tables. In consequence, hospitals and institutions have sprung up on all sides for the treatment of the sick and have more than kept pace with the growth of the cities.

No student of the situation can deny that something of the gravest importance to the human race is charted in this condition, and science now maintains that an insufficiency of vitamins in our diet is almost entirely responsible. Recent literature from the Cancer Research Institute of England points to a possible conclusion that cancer and tuberculosis are an insufficiency of vitamins in the growing period of childhood, and the increase in bad teeth and eyesight is now attributed almost entirely to this cause."

Three cheers for Mr. Freshel, his spirit and purpose and vision.



# "The Grand Old Man of the Pacific"

*From chore boy in the cook's shanty of a Canadian lumber camp to the head of one of the greatest steamship lines in the world is only a part of the romantic life story of Robert Dollar*

OF that great quartet of Scottish lads who well are termed "the empire builders"—Donald Smith, James J. Hill, Andrew Carnegie and Robert Dollar—is the last-named gentleman, who, although within hail almost of eighty years, is like his comrade master-pioneers in that he maintains his vigor, both of body and wonderful brain; and there is another remarkable resemblance.

Study the likenesses of the four, and you will be struck with the remarkable resemblance of the eyes. They are the eyes of the visionary—but of the very practical visionary. Donald Smith (Lord Strathcona), Jim Hill, Carnegie, and Dollar all were gifted with the "eagle eye," as they call it in the old books.

And the analogy could be continued to great length—of how all four came of families very poor in worldly goods, but very rich in the spiritual qualities—and all four had wonderful mothers.

Smith, Hill and Carnegie have joined the shades of those who sat in the seats of the mighty, the makers of history in its finer sense, but Robert Dollar we have with us, wearing his own mantle with dignity, nobly holding high the standards of his great fellow-countrymen.

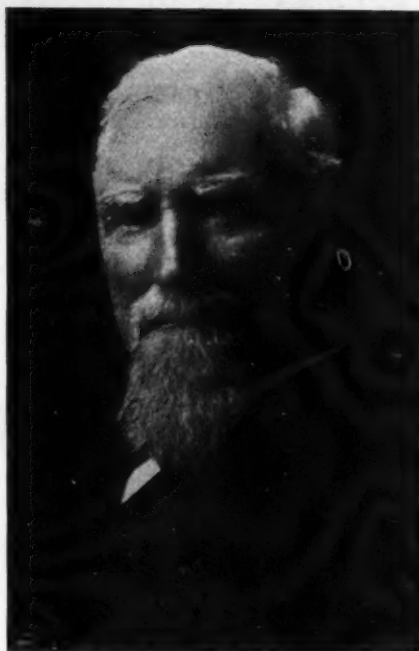
In many aspects, Dollar's career has more of the romantic flavor of the fiction writer's loftier achievements—and it also proves once more that "truth is strange, stranger than fiction." For Robert Dollar, born in a small building in a Falkirk, Scotland, lumber yard, began his battle in the lists of life when only ten years old. Thus he has had almost seventy years in the harness—and plans blithely for the future.

He today is America's lumber king, ocean monarch, and master industrialist, as an individual. He is the "company"—and the "company" is Robert Dollar; not that he is not ably aided by sons and lieutenants. But the general's hand always and ever is at the wheel.

As Harry Lauder aptly says, "Ye canna beat it." Scotch thrift, carefulness, caution, enterprise and honesty—above all, honesty—coupled with a certain hard-headed business acumen peculiar to the Scot, connote qualities than which there are none more sound upon which to lay the foundation of success.

Eh, mon!—and how they do succeed! A dozen conspicuous examples are in my mind's eye now—but say we take Robert Dollar, the best-known American in China—for though he was born in bonny Scotland, he is American by adoption.

Born in a humble home above the office of a lumber yard in Falkirk, the son of very poor parents, he was brought, a motherless



**ROBERT DOLLAR**, head of the great Dollar Steamship Line, whose business offices dot the map of the world and whose vessels plow the seven seas—America's lumber king and master industrialist—the best-known and most trusted American in the Chinese Republic—has had a business life of nearly seventy years, and still covers enough territory each year in looking after his vast business interests in person to encircle the globe

lad, by his father to Canada at an early age. There surely was something prophetic about his being born in a lumber yard—for of him it can thus be truly and literally said that he has been in the lumber business all his life. Before receiving anything more than the most elementary schooling, he had been hired out as a chore boy at the age of fourteen years in a Canadian lumber camp. The life in the rude, crude frontier surroundings in which he found himself there in the frozen wilderness of the North was hard, but it made of him a man. Before emerging from his teens the realization had come to him that he must acquire an education before he could hope to get far in the world—and he had already determined to get on. The first investment of his scanty wages was therefore in books, for what little schooling he had had as a boy in Scotland was pretty well rubbed off in his first contact with the lumber camps, so that he had a lot of ground to cover in order to acquire a serviceable education.

So, every season, he took into camp a little library of standard books, and thoroughly digested them, despite the thinly-

veiled ridicule of the rough, unlettered lumberjacks. The social atmosphere of a lumber camp at the end of a working day is not exactly conducive to studious effort—but had not Robert Dollar persevered in his personally-conducted course of study, he would not have been able eventually to keep the books of the camp. An unexpected visit by the manager of the lumbering company, who found the chore boy practising figuring and writing on birch bark—the only available "paper"—led to his being given all the bookkeeping of the camp, to be done after hours without extra pay. It was this unpaid-for work which first brought him to the attention of the management.

By the time he had reached twenty-one he had so far progressed in his chosen life work as to be the foreman of a lumber crew. A Scot imbibes the spirit of thrift and the spirit of piety with his mother's milk, and young Robert Dollar ran true to form. The riotous excesses of the lumberjacks when they returned to the settlements after long months of bitter, hard toil in the woods were something apart from his well-ordered existence. Their reckless wasting of their season's wages but served to point a moral for his frugality. He saved his wages carefully against the day he already had in mind.

That day came when he was twenty-seven and had accumulated enough money to buy a modest piece of timber land and begin operations on his own account. He had mastered every phase of the business and was getting along finely when—crash! came the terrific panic caused by "Black Friday" on the New York Gold Exchange in 1873, which swept away half the business concerns in the country—with Robert Dollar among them.

"Lucky is the man who fails when young," a veteran told him. Robert Dollar did not fully appreciate his luck at the time, but he set doggedly to work to pay off his debts. He became a lumbering foreman again, married the councilor and helpmate of his life, saved his money as before, wiped out every dollar of his indebtedness, and then began accumulating a fresh capital—fully determined to fare better the next time he launched out. He waited till he felt sure that he stood again on a firm financial foundation—and this time no panic occurred to sweep him off his feet.

He early saw the possibilities of exporting lumber to Great Britain and even to the land of the heathen, and opened up a large and profitable trade. As his ambitions and his capital expanded, he looked for fresh fields of enterprise, and concluded that the greatest undeveloped market for lumber in the whole world was China.

So to China he went—not once only, but

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"We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on"

## The Dream of Jonathan P. Dolliver

*An intimate sketch of the late Senator from Iowa  
by his Daughter and Pal*

By FRANCES PEARSONS  
DOLLIVER

JONATHAN PRENTISS DOLLIVER was a statesman of the new school—an Insurgent. When he defined an Insurgent "as a member of Congress who wished to read a bill before he voted on it" he put in miniature the significance of the long struggle against the secret methods of oligarchical rule.\* Had my theme been written in 1910, it would have been a defense, for the men who were termed Insurgents at that time were far from secure in the public regard. Much has passed, and today it only remains to explain the integral part these first Insurgents played in the evolution of those cleaner American politics which have not yet entirely come.

Dolliver—tariff reform. These have become inextricably linked in my mind. I knew not the real significance of the connection when, as a child, the teachers would turn to me expectantly whenever a mention of the tariff was made. I knew not the labors of the man when one day in an obscure corner of the attic, I unearthed a bulky Congressional packet and found within, page after page of samples of woolen and cotton staples. I knew not the reason for the long nights of working during the hot extra-session of 1909. But I have always been curious; three clippings have helped me to understand. "Opposition to the dominance of Speaker Cannon in the House and to the methods used in the Senate in the revision of the tariff during the extra session of Congress in 1909 led to a division in the Republican party—a number of Senators and Representatives became known as Insurgents. The most conspicuous were Senators LaFollette of Wisconsin, Dolliver and Cummins of Iowa, Beveridge of Indiana, Bristow of Kansas, Clapp of Minnesota, Bourne of Oregon, and Dixon of Montana."\*

The first connection was, then, clear. Dolliver was an Insurgent and tariff reform agitation was the source of his insurgency. I next sensed the significance of the Congressional packet. Senator Rayner said in referring to Dolliver's extended effort in the downward revision hoax: "The greatest act was that performed by the radiant mutineer from Iowa. I have seen the Senate and House held for hours upon Constitutional and governmental questions by men of eloquence and power, but any man who can throw his emotions into the woolen and cotton schedules and captivate the Senate for two days by the charm of his oratory and the sparkling humor of his repartee, deserves the admiration of posterity. It was an intellectual achievement that has hardly ever been equalled upon the floor of this

chamber."\* And the full understanding of those long nights of summer came as I read: "At night while most of the others take their amusement and their rest, Dolliver and the men who stood with him, had to go to their homes or to their offices and study until two or three o'clock in the morning in



**THE LATE JONATHAN PRENTISS DOLLIVER** left an enduring memory in the annals of the Senate of the United States because of his tireless efforts for tariff reform. He was an Insurgent—seeking, during his whole political life, only the approbation of his own conscience and the good of the whole country

order to be ready for the conflict they had planned. . . . It meant ostracism, contempt, sneers, insult and every form of abuse. Our friends told us we were making terrible political and personal mistakes. But the fight went on and in the fight no man was braver, no man more effective than Senator Dolliver. Thus, step by step, fighting the people's fight he died a martyr.† The meaning of "Insurgents" was

clear; still I questioned what influences made my father become one.

Eighteen-fifty-eight, 1875, 1884, 1888, 1900, and 1910, are the outstanding dates of his life, and a meagre array it is unless connected with the vital personality of the man. In 1858, he was born "in the Republican party down among the loyal mountains of Virginia."\* From his youth he pored over the pages of Republican history and sought inspiration in all of its high traditions. Eighteen-seventy-five marks his graduation from the State University of West Virginia where he became known for his good nature, his silver tongue, and his love of the classics. In 1884, out in Iowa, he was "discovered" by the old Clarkson "regency" which was then at its height. Old Nate Kendall tells all about it: "Iowa loved the man. He was her favorite son. He came to her in his early youth, an obscure stranger, uncouth and unsophisticated from the mountain country of the Old Dominion. But he was not long destined to remain unknown. The state first became acquainted with him in 1884, when at the annual convention of our party, he introduced himself to the consideration of the people in a philippic of such effectiveness that it is cherished yet as a masterpiece of controversial literature. A mere boy, I listened entranced by his eloquence and cheered myself hoarse." In 1888 he entered the Congress of the United States as representative from the "Big Ten" Congressional district—his first political office. In 1900 he was appointed to fill a vacancy in the Senate. He served there until his death in 1910. Such are the facts of his life; such is the background of his insurgency.

But there is a part of the man apart from politics, that influenced him toward the insurgency—his faith in the simple statutes of Christ. He writes: "I inherited the Christian faith as interpreted by our fathers. I am now approaching middle life and I find now all other evidences of Christianity are beginning to appear insignificant compared to this one made prominent by the needs of modern society—namely, that unless it be true that there is a Divine Force within us able to take men deformed by sin and leave them standing upright—then there is absolutely no hope left for our race. We might as well join with Professor Huxley in welcoming that friendly comet of his that is to smite the earth and its inhabitants and bring the miserable business to an end."† Indeed, he would have wished it so, had he thought that corruption in high

\* J. P. Dolliver, last speech in the Senate.

† Letter to Richard T. Ely, published in the *Review of Reviews*, Vol. 42, p. 681-3 (December, 1910).

\* *Iowa Journal of History and Politics*, Vol. XI, p. 164 (1913).

\* *Independent*, Vol. 67, p. 131-2 (July 15, 1909).

† Senator Beveridge, *Review of Reviews*, Vol. 42, p. 681-3 (December, 1910).



places was to prevail. You see, he was a minister's son, versed in the fearlessness of the old Methodist faith.

Moreover, his Americanism was sound. He believed in her institutions, he had grown up with her through her reconstruction period. He expressed this clearly in his last speech in the Senate, beleaguered by partisan sympathies. "I have followed her great leaders and sought direction in the wisdom of their counsel. We have sometimes lived in very humble houses, but we have never lived in a house so small that there was not room on its walls for the pictures of the mighty men who in other generations had led her to victory, and now my own children are coming to years and are looking upon the same benignant, kindly faces as I teach them to repeat the story of our heroic age and to recite all the blessed legends of patriotism and liberty."\* He was a Republican because that party seemed best to substantiate his code of Americanism. He stayed with it many years; only when it seemed no longer a popular party, but one closely identified with "big business" and corrupt administration, did he try to reform the party he loved. It was the only thing he could do.

It was not that he loved the Republican party less, but that he loved America more. His insurgent stand was taken in the tariff speech of June 13, 1910: "How long does the Senate of the United States propose that these great interests, affecting every man, woman and child in the nation shall be managed with brutal tyranny, without debate and without knowledge, without explanation or regard, by the very people that are engaged in monopolizing the great industries of the world—that proposed to impose intolerable burdens upon the market place of our country?"

"So far as I am concerned, I am through

\* Iowa Journal of History and Politics, Vol. XI (1913).



MISS FRANCES PEARSONS DOLLIVER  
Daughter of the late Senator Dolliver

with it. I intend to fight it. I intend to fight as a Republican and as an American citizen. I intend to fight without fear. I do not care what may be my political fate. I have had a burdensome and toilsome experience in public life now these twenty-five years! I am beginning to feel the pressure of that burden. I do not propose that the remaining years of my life, whether they be in public affairs or in my private business, shall be given up to a dull consent to the success of all these conspiracies which do not hesitate before our very eyes to use the law-making power of the United States to multiply their own wealth and to fill the market places with evidence of their avarice and of their greed.

"I am through with it. I intend to fight as a Republican for a free market on this continent.

"For the day is coming—it is a good deal nearer than many think—when a new sense of justice, new inspirations, new volunteer enthusiasms for good government shall take possession of the hearts of all our people. The time is at hand when the laws will be respected by great and small alike; when fabulous millions, piled hoard upon hoard, by cupidity and greed, and used to finance the ostentations of modern life, shall be no longer a badge even of distinction, but rather a discredit, and, maybe of disgrace. A good time coming, when this people shall so frame their laws as to protect the enterprises of rich and poor in the greatest market place which God has ever given his children; when the law of justice, intrenched in the habits of the whole community, will put away all unseemly fears of panic and disaster.

"It is a time nearer than we even dare to think. It is the outcome of the centuries of Christian civilization, the fulfillment of the prayers and dreams of the men and women who have laid the foundations of this Commonwealth and with infinite sacrifice maintained these institutions."\*

His evolution was complete; he stood free from the "old-time political methods and partisan clap-trap." He was a man who had retained "his integrity of heart under the temptations of preferment; his simplicity of soul under the blandishments of ambitions; his serenity of spirit under the aspersions of criticism, his unselfish consecration to the service of his fellow men. From a private in the ranks of conservatism, he was evolved by the shock of battle into a principal trumpeter in the army of righteousness."

Dolliver—Tariff reform. Insurgent!

\* "Forward Movement in the Republican Party," Outlook, Vol. 96, p. 161-72 (September 24, 1910).

## The Lawyer's Work in the War

Continued from page 424

Austria, and Congressman Robert Luce brought him in contact with men of practical affairs.

At these sessions, constantly conferring with leaders representing almost all angles of political opinion, speaking their minds freely, Mr. Dean had an experience that is serving him well in his later activities. When the Convention adjourned in 1918, Robert Dean started Washingtonward, where he felt the call for war work, and doing rather than discussing the problems of the hour.

At first he was the Executive of the Military Relations Committee of the Shipping Board. Here he came in contact with former Governor Bass of New Hampshire, who was Chairman of the National Adjustment Committee. On one occasion he made a trip to Boston and succeeded in settling a strike with freight handlers at a most critical time during the war. They returned and agreed to the terms of the

work. They were willing to listen to him because the Labor Committee, after talking with him during the afternoon, were willing for him to appear that evening before the members of the Union, where he made good on his plea for an adjustment.

In the closing months of 1918 he joined the Legal Division of the Shipping Board and, as Assistant Counsel, was associated with Mr. Sherman L. Whipple, General Counsel, and after Judge Payne came into the Shipping Board he was appointed General Counsel, for no avalanche of legal papers appalled him.

While in the service, Mr. Dean was much interested in the drafting of the Merchant Marine Act of 1920, which is now generally known as the Jones Shipping Law Bill. After the Act became a law in 1920, Mr. Dean was sent to the Pacific Coast, where he discussed the Act before representative bodies throughout the west. Upon his return from this trip he became Special Assist-

ant to Admiral Benson, and continued with the Shipping Board until June, 1921, when he opened an office in Washington to engage in the practice of law before the various departments, taking up the threads of a legal career interrupted by war service, splendidly supplemented by his experiences during the stirring war times. Associated with him is Mr. F. E. Scott, formerly special assistant to the Attorney General, who was also a product of war service.

During his work in Washington, Mr. Dean made a large circle of friends. He was one of the men who could always be depended upon, always cool-headed, he has gone through with many a hard case smiling. Indicated in his work are the high ideals of the New England conscience, putting loyalty and conscientious service first. There is a quality of geniality about Mr. Dean that holds friends. Whether in his home or in his office, the virility and versatility of his ability is emphasized.

# TICKLING *the* NATION

*Humor—best ORIGINATED during "bright college years,"  
but best APPRECIATED in the years that follow*



## IT'S DIFFERENT IN SHORTHAND

Stenographer—Hodja spell "sence?"  
Employer—Dollars and cents, or horse sense?

Stenographer—Well, like in "I ain't seen him sence."  
—Wag Jag.

"Why did you tip that boy so handsomely when he gave you your coat?"  
"Look at the coat he gave me!"

—Yale Record.

Guest (at country hotel)—Where is that chicken I ordered an hour ago?

Waitress—It'll be here soon, sir. The cook hasn't killed it yet, but she has got in a couple of nasty blows.  
—Yale Record.

## THE WRONG ROAD

ROWING COACH—YOU WANT TO\* COME OUT FOR THE CREW? HUH. EVER ROWED BEFORE?

CANDIDATE—ONLY A HORSE, SIR.

—Punch Bowl.

Sing a song of street cars,  
Seats all lined with chaps,  
Four and twenty ladies,  
Hanging from the straps.

—Cornell Widow.

## PERILS OF THE SOCIAL LIFE

CUSTOMER—SEEMS TO ME THAT RAZOR IS RATHER DULL.

BARBER—MOUGHT BE, SAH. IT WAS TO A PAHTY LAS' NIGHT, SAH.

—Cornell Widow.

## FREEVILLE FOLLIES

Chaperon (to couple sitting out a dance in dark corner, at a barn dance)—Here, what are you young people doing?

Voices in unison—We're a'doin' what we set out to do.

—Cornell Widow.

Said a bald-headed man to a waitress bold,  
"See here, young woman, my cocoa's cold."  
She scornfully answered, "I can't help that,  
If the blamed thing's chilly, put on your hat."  
—Lehigh Burr.

Professor—What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity?

Senior—Why, er—

Professor—Correct. Now tell me what is the unit of electric power?

Senior—The What, sir?

Professor—That will do; very good.

—Nebraska Awgwan.

## PRETTY TOUGH

Cannibal Woman—Have you seen anything of my husband?

Cannibal Chief—Not since dinner.

—Juggler.

Teacher in Geography—And now, Elmer, how many poles are there?

Elmer—They is seventeen lives next door to us.

—Nebraska Awgwan.

GEORGE—I'VE GOT A BAD HEAD THIS MORNING.

MRS. GEORGE—I'M SORRY, DEAR. I DO HOPE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SHAKE IT OFF BEFORE DINNER.

—Dennison Flamingo.

## THE ROLL OF HUMOR

The largest number of contributions for the December pages were selected from the  
*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

Runner up: *Chicago Phoenix*

A certain young fellow named Fitz,  
Falls asleep wherever he sitz;

On the curb he did nap.

With his hat in his lap.

When he woke he had in it six bitz.

—Juggler.

Small Boy (at Zoo with his mother)—Gee, mom, that giraffe looks just like papa.  
Mamma (in horror)—Willie, aren't you ashamed?

Small Boy—Aw gee, he didn't hear me.

—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

A FRESHMAN FROM THE AMAZON  
PUT NIGHTIES OF HIS GRAMAZON;

ONE REASON'S ALL

HE WAS TOO TALL

TO GET HIS OWN PAJAMAZON.

—Nebraska Awgwan.

## AN AFRICAN HAND

Anatomy Prof.—What are the names of the bones in your hand, Mr. Smith?

Mr. Smith—Dice.

—Oregon Lemon Punch.

Bone—Will that watch tell time?

Head—No, you have to look at it.

—Mass. Aggie Lord Jeff.

## PURE AND SIMPLE

Belle (after riding two hours)—Don't you ever stop and look at your engine?

Hoppe—Never; you'd be surprised what wonderful engines these Cadillacs do have.

—Beanpot.

Bub—He's a great artist, isn't he, paints anything?

Dud—Yeah, everything but China.

Bub—Well, that's quite a way to go.

—Nebraska Awgwan.

It was in the subway. It was during the rush hour. The little man suddenly thought of pickpockets. Thrusting his hand into his pocket he found another hand there ahead of him.

"Get out, you thief."

"Get out yourself!" said the other.

"Say," interrupted a third. "If you two guys will get your hands out of my pocket, I'll get off here."

—Columbia Jester.

OUR IDEA OF THE LAZY GUY IS THE BIRD WHO SLUMPS INTO A REVOLVING DOOR AND THEN WAITS FOR SOMEONE TO COME AND TURN IT FOR HIM.

—Oklahoma Whirlwind.

The professor was engaged in a knotty problem when his study door was opened by a servant who announced:

"A little stranger has arrived, sir."

"Eh?"

"It's a little boy."

"Little boy? Well, ask him what he wants."

—Wampus.

Sam (on outside, looking in)—Look heah, niggas, is yo' in fo' life?

Rastus (on inside, looking out)—Not me, I ain't, jes' fum now on.

—Mass. Tech. Voo Doo.

"I'VE GOT THAT DOWN PAT,"  
SAID MRS. FLANNIGAN AS SHE GAVE  
HER SON THE CASTOR OIL.

—Lehigh Burr.

Road Knight—Please, lady, can you help—

Mrs. Keptic (sternly)—Can you saw wood?

R. K.—Dear, dear! What grammar! You mean, "Can you see wood?"

—Judge.



## The "Grand Old Man" of the Pacific

Continued from page 431

twice—to analyze the situation. Then he removed his scene of operations to the forests of the Pacific slope. He soon discovered, however, that it was one thing to prepare lumber for the market and another thing to find ships to transport it across the Pacific. Not only were vessels scarce, but the freight rates were ruinous. But Robert Dollar was never one to be balked by obstacles. Why not, he asked himself, buy ships and do his own transporting?

Then was born the idea of the Dollar Steamship Line—whose ships now maintain a regular monthly service around the world—whose offices dot the map of the world,

### ROBERT DOLLAR'S CREED

THE older I grow, the more convinced I become of the folly of anyone thinking he can make headway in business by using crooked or dishonorable means.

"Punctuality is important.

"Never promise unless you are perfectly sure you can and will perform.

"Spurts of hard work are no use—it is steady, persevering, continuing work that wins.

"Fear God and be just and honest to your fellow-man."

and whose ramifications cover the earth. His first small vessel paid for itself in the first year. He bought another—and then another. Today the Dollar steamships plow their way through the seven seas, carrying not lumber only, but every variety of cargo, many of which are not only carried, but bought and sold by Dollar.

He is now recognized as the greatest individual creator of commerce between America and the Orient. When China changed from the oldest dynasty in the world to the newest republic, one of the first steps taken was to summon Robert Dollar for advice, and when the World War came, with the clamor for ships and still more ships, he it was who was instrumental in arranging that China should build \$30,000,000 worth of ships for the United States. And so implicit was the faith of the Chinese government in him that it ordered that the money, as earned, should be paid over to him in this country—without his putting up a bond or contract. In appreciation of the faithful carrying out of this contract he received a decoration from the Chinese government that had only been given one person before.

Known universally as "The Grand Old Man of the Pacific," this veteran of the great woods and the oceans, at seventy-nine still covers enough territory each year in looking after his vast business interests in person to encircle the globe.

Captain Dollar is an old-fashioned sort of gentleman, patriarchal in appearance, with his white beard and high forehead, carrying his broad shoulders erect despite his years. His ideas, however, are not old-fashioned—except that he believes that honesty is the best policy, first, last, and all the time—but up to the minute, abreast of the times. Neither panic nor prosperity has shaken the wonderful business structure he



## Whatever else may fail

Linking city, village and farm, crossing mountain and wilderness, the telephone system challenges Nature in her strongholds and battles her fiercest moods.

Out on his lonely "beat" the telephone trouble-hunter braves the blizzard on snow-shoes, body bent against the wind, but eyes intent upon the wires.

North, south, east, west—in winter and summer, in forest and desert—the telephone workers guard the highways of communication. Traveling afoot where there are no roads, crawling sometimes on hands and knees, riding on burros, or motor-

cycles, or trucks, they "get there" as they can.

When Nature rages to that point where few things can stand against her, when property is destroyed and towns cut off, the telephone is needed more than ever. No cost is too much, no sacrifice too great, to keep the wires open. If telephone poles come down with the storm, no matter how distant they may be, no matter how difficult to reach, somehow a way is found, somehow—in blizzard, hurricane, or flood—the service is restored.

Whatever else may fail, the telephone service must not fail, if human effort can prevent it. This is the spirit of the Bell System.



**"BELL SYSTEM"**  
**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY**  
**AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

*One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service*

has built. The experience gained by his first failure—though bitter at the time—has proved a helpful lesson throughout his life.

The diary which he has kept for nearly three score and ten years is recognized as one of the most important private diaries in existence. Recently published in response to the insistent requests of his friends, it gives an illuminating insight into men and affairs for the first half century that is scarcely equalled.

In this diary is an account of his trips to China that makes plain the reasons for the confidence reposed in him by the high officials of that country. The distinguished Chinese delegation, headed by Ching Haun-

Chang, which visited the United States in 1915 and created a nation-wide interest, was China's fitting way of returning the visit of the delegation which he headed.

When, in November of last year, Captain Dollar was elected and declared an honorary life member of the Chinese Free Masons of the World, it rounded out for him a half century as a Master Mason, he having been made a Master Mason in Orillia, Ontario, in 1872.

Whether in New York or Washington, or his home city of San Francisco, or amid the scent of the heather of his native Scotland, Captain Robert Dollar represents a value in manhood that cannot be measured in coin of the realm.

## From White Mice to Millions

Continued from page 428

insure the ultimate success of this great venture. Aroostook County, the potato mart of the world, is almost bankrupt at the present time through a three-year glut and poor crops. Already Aroostook farmers are looking toward "Maine-raised" beef as a means of diversifying their agriculture, to have "an anchor to windward" on "off years." A conference has already been held between the heads of the State College of Agriculture and a group of representative livestock breeders of Maine and the plans made for utilizing a part of Aroostook's great acreage, as well as abandoned farm land in other counties of the State, for the raising of livestock.

The tillable land in Maine alone is equal in acreage to nearly one-half the total area of the rest of the New England States combined. Maine's population, as reported by the Commission of Agriculture, is fifty-two per cent "agricultural"; still ninety-one per cent of all the food stuffs consumed in Maine is sent in from other States. A sad commentary. Isn't livestock the remedy for this condition which is not peculiar to Maine alone?

The Maine agricultural societies are watching Mr. Park's work with interest, and are in sympathetic accord with his efforts.

New England needs thousands of Mr. Parks to come into her borders and breathe new life and courage into the farming game; to show her people how to raise beef and other livestock for the market, and how to market it successfully. She needs men of

brawn and brains and money and business experience to make a market in the Eastern States for Eastern meats, and a system of handling the livestock of the farmer that will not be all profit for somebody else.

### Four Million Read Park's Almanac

Versatility is a rare gift. But Philip R. Park discusses intelligently a variety of subjects with over four million readers in states

*Philip R. Park says: "Whatever success I have attained in life has come from doing things that 'can't be done.'"*

east of the Mississippi. For seventeen years Mr. Park has edited the Park & Pollard Year Book and Almanac and enjoyed the confidence of these farmers, poultrymen, and cattlemen through the columns of his unique publication.

Liming the soil, rotation of crops, corn planted on clover sod, nitrogen, vitamins and minerals, poultry keeping, dairying and profitable beef raising in the East are among the many subjects ably presented in the 1923 number of this "Lay or Bust" Year Book and Almanac.

A beautiful product of the bookmaker's art is a special de luxe edition of this Park & Pollard Company's Year Book, which has

been mailed to governors, senators, congressmen, and men prominent in all commercial lines, including three hundred members of the Boston Rotary Club.

To help solve the problem of the East feeding itself is the main purpose of publishing this special edition. The West has usurped Eastern markets and has done this through advertising, efficient marketing, and Eastern money.

Mr. Park makes a special appeal to business and professional men as well as farmers and livestock men, to take a few minutes' time to think constructively on this great problem and to write him a letter stating just what each thinks he can do to help advance the cause of more livestock in his particular locality.

### The East Must Feed Itself

A personal letter inserted in the book, opposite an excellent likeness of Philip Ryder Park, and signed by him, reads:

Tell me in your own way how I can assist both the feeder and yourself to help carry the banner "The East Must Feed Itself" more convincingly.

I want ideas, suggestions, plans and schemes that will help, and I want them from you. No man or group of men can do it alone, but working together we can do a lot, and what helps one helps all.

Many of our eastern states are fighting with their backs to the wall, and with no plan for bettering themselves; farms are decreasing in value and towns are rapidly losing population.

This is a serious problem and one that we all must face. What can I and what can you do?

Isn't livestock the remedy? What else can re-



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**(Dept. R) Boston, Massachusetts**

store the prosperity of eastern agriculture, without which no prosperity is permanent?

Can't we work this out between us?  
 I shall highly appreciate receiving your criticisms and suggestions at your earliest convenience, after reading this book.

Over a thousand letters have been received by Mr. Park from governors, statesmen, feed dealers and livestock men throughout the eastern states, giving him their most careful thought and consideration bearing on this vital problem.

Mr. Park urges, in his year book, the raising of more livestock and crops, especially crops grown on New England soil. The fact that New England imports eighty per cent of all the food consumed within the six states shows the wisdom of his advice. He says:

Do not say that agriculture in New England is dead; rather say that many of the methods in use in New England are dead. Bring your farm up to 100 per cent efficiency before you say that the trouble with New England agriculture is the land. New England land is the biggest bargain in the country today, and you can prove this is a fact by adopting a progressive five-year plan of turning your land over once in three years at least, and sowing lime and clover once during the three years.

#### Beef Raising in the East

Speaking about beef, Mr. Park says:

The West has very wasteful methods of beef production. The calves are born in Texas, sold at Fort

Worth market, come to Kansas City, sold again there, perhaps wintered in Kansas on the wheat fields, coming again to Kansas City, sold again to a Montana grazer, pastured through the summer in Montana, go to St. Paul or Chicago, sold as feeders to Iowa corn belt farmer, fed 90-120 days, then back to Chicago and sold again for slaughter in Chicago or shipped alive to the Kosher trade in New York City.

Now this is just as wasteful as it sounds—thousands of miles of travel, a half dozen commissions paid, six months' growing season lost by getting acclimated to their different surroundings, all of which is eliminated by the Eastern grower producing steers on his own place, and feeding them the home-grown grain.

To our mind the West is the country to worry for fear that the East will wake up and begin feeding itself.

#### Classified Advertisements

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## Oklahoma's Governor the Star Greeter

Continued from page 408

Christian Church, the next a church of some other denomination.

No previous Governor of Oklahoma ever received such a rousing majority as was given Mr. Walton in the late election. He literally swamped his opponent when an avalanche of votes from every section of the state was cast for him. Mr. Walton seems to be blessed with many political enemies in the state, but he is undoubtedly a man of the masses, and says that his chief aim in the gigantic task which now lies before him is to call the people back to the essentials and principles of Thomas Jefferson, the founder of Democracy in this government. The new Governor promises needed changes in many lines of legislation, a better deal for the man who toils, and that he will root out the grafters and useless lobbyists. Fortunately for him the recently elected Legislature in both the upper and lower house is overwhelmingly of the same political faith as himself, and he no doubt will be confronted with but little opposition in his efforts at remedial legislation in the next session of the Oklahoma Legislature.

## The "Emancipator" of the Theatre

Continued from page 416

the world and now controlled by Erlanger, Dillingham and Ziegfeld.

Personally, Mr. Erlanger is reserved in manner, but to his intimates most genial. In the library of his town house is the most complete private collection of Napoleona in the world. To his friends he paints word portraits of famous historical characters, or shows rare prints, medals, or personal relics with the love and knowledge of the connoisseur. He finds much recreation in literature, and he owns also a valuable collection of autograph letters and documents. His pet aversion is the salacious play. He has never been identified with this type of theatrical offering.

With the thoroughness characteristic of his nature, he has developed his natural talent for stage direction and personally supervises every production in which he is

**The First Edition is Sold Out**

**The Second Edition is Now Ready**

# A'top o' the World

WONDERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE DREAMLAND

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## Affairs and Folks

Continued from page 423

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It is morning always somewhere in the world.

### A MAN'S PRAYER

Teach me that sixty minutes make one hour, sixteen ounces one pound, and one hundred cents one dollar.

Help me to live so that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience, without a gun under my pillow, unhaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain.

Grant, I beseech Thee, that I may earn my meal ticket on the square, and in doing thereof that I may not stick the gaff where it does not belong.

Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money and the rustle of unholy skirts.

Blind me to the faults of the other fellow, but reveal to me my own.

Guide me so that each night when I look across

the dinner table at my wife, who has been a blessing to me, I will have nothing to conceal.

Keep me young enough to laugh with my children and lose myself in their play.

And when comes the smell of flowers and the tread of soft steps and the crushing of the hearse's wheels in the gravel out in front of my place, make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple: "Here lies a Man."

—Homer McKee, in the *Great Lakes Bulletin*.

### THE REVISED VERSION

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"My auto, 'tis of thee, short road to poverty, of thee I chant. I blew a pile of dough, on you three years ago; now you refuse to go, or won't or can't. Through town and countryside, you were my joy and pride—a happy day. I loved thy gaudy hue, the nice white tires new, but you're down, out of true, in every way. To

thee, old rattle-box, came many bumps and knocks; for thee I grieve. Badly the top is torn, frayed are the seats and worn; the whooping cough affects the horn, I do believe. Thy perfume swells the breeze, while good folks choke and wheeze as we pass by. I paid for thee a price, 't would buy a mansion twice. Now everybody's yelling 'ice'—'I wonder why?' The motor has the grip, the spark plug has the pip, and woe is thine. I, too, have suffered chills, fatigue and kindred ills, endeavoring to pay my bills, since thou wert mine. Gone is my bank roll now, no more 'twill choke the cow, as once before. Yet, if I had the "mon," so help me John—amen, I'd buy a car again and speed some more."—*The Arklight*.

### LINCOLN

Still let us praise him, praise him in such ways As his were, and in words that shall transcend Marble, and outlast any monument.

—*Madison Cawein*.

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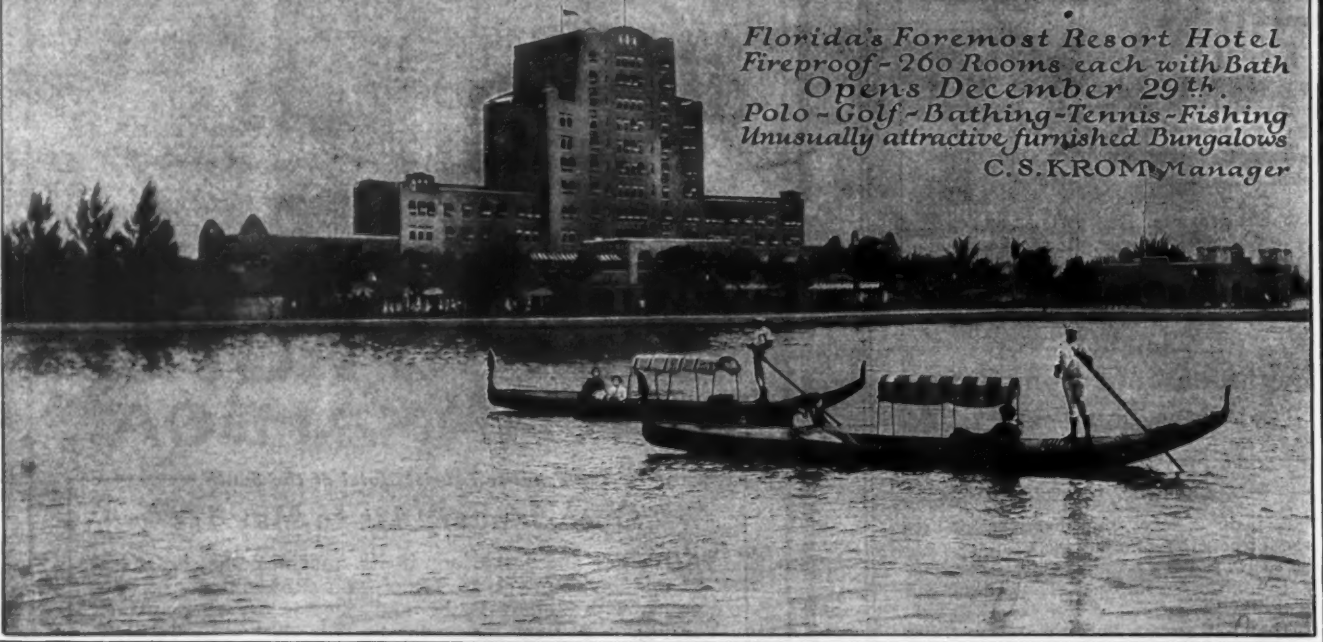
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